

SPRING-TIME

WITH

THE POETS

POETRY SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

FRANCES ~~MARTIN~~

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PREFACE.

A SELECTION of poetry needs an apology, if not a justification, and I think I shall offer both if I say that this book has not been compiled for either of the two classes now so liberally supplied. It is intended neither for children, nor for men and women of mature minds, but for the intermediate class which may be described as the young. The distinguishing feature of such a selection ought, I believe, to be a greater breadth than would be desirable for childhood, or tolerated by persons of mature taste and judgment. It should make provision for the discursiveness of thought and feeling natural to youth, and should satisfy the craving for quantity which is a passion in the young, and which sometimes seems to require for its satisfaction nothing beyond the "majesty and pomp of diction and the mellifluous flow of rhymes."

I have, therefore, whilst inserting much that is highest and best in English poetry, not felt it necessary to reject many of those mere compositions in metre which yet touch the hearts and call out the enthusiasm of the young. By giving to the young nothing beside the best, we cultivate a taste that is fastidious rather than refined,—we teach them rather to reject the evil than to choose the good. True refinement enables us to assimilate the true, the good, and the beautiful, wherever we may find them; but a fastidious taste is negative only, and causes

us to reject all that is best and highest, if it is not presented in the fairest form.

Many who are pure and simple and true of heart seek only the echo of these qualities in the poetry they love : I see no reason for refusing the milk to these babes, who may by means of it some day digest the strong meat, food for a man. Moreover, education means development, not repression. It should never be allowed to degenerate into the art of keeping back and holding under the nature and disposition and feelings of the young. The first leaves of the plant wither and die,—are, indeed, of lower organisation than those that succeed, but they are not, therefore, useless, and it would be a fatal mistake to destroy them. To those who are impatient for the harvest, even blossoms may seem an unnecessary frivolity,—but then we can get no fruit without them. We must have faith in the young soul as in the young plant, and be content to see it pass through stages of growth and development, of which we do not always see the meaning or the end.

We need not fear that the *opinions* of the young will remain unchanged, for it is only those who have lived a youth without enthusiasm,—that is, without poetry, who can attain to a maturity without reflection, and can go through life with opinions unchanged.

Perhaps it is not so necessary to justify my book as a selection of poetry, as to plead for its acceptance as an educational work. I think that the young should learn poetry *by heart* in every stage of education ; that poetry should be carefully studied with reference both to its form or music, and its meaning ; that, for the sake of these, both teacher and pupil should strive to attain to

the greatest purity and precision in pronunciation; and that dramatic poetry should be used to break up the monotony into which recitation and reading are apt to fall. I have dwelt on these points in the preface to "The Poet's Hour," and therefore only allude to them here.

But there are other and higher grounds upon which the careful study of poetry should be advocated. The education of this age has a tendency to "inspire self-conceit and self-will by fostering vanity." It is an education crowned by an examination and a certificate; that is, by a temporal advantage and a visible success. Indeed, there are some schemes in which intellect and intellectual cultivation are all in all; love of nature and humanity, and reverence for God find but scanty recognition, or are eliminated as troublesome superfluities. It seems to be no longer true that "heaven lies about us in our infancy;" for the manifest tendency of the age is to bring "the world," that is, the temporal and visible, to the very cradles of our children, to cultivate intellectual activity rather than thought, and to make of man a "purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight." Now the poet is he who is first of all remarkable for his love of Nature and love of God; and poetry, like all true art, is unworldly. It teaches us that the things unseen are the things real, that they are the only realities. It shows us the actions and the thoughts of men elevated and transfigured, and men themselves inspired by a higher and nobler life than the life of this world.

Poetry is thought and emotion transformed into words; not the only manifestation of thought and emotion, but that which in youth is perhaps the most valuable, and certainly the most accessible. It is the fit nurture of

fancy and imagination, — fancy, “which is given to quicken and beguile the temporal part of our nature ; imagination to incite and support the eternal.”

“ Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.”

I have scattered the poetry in this volume as a sower sowing seed. I aim at no classification, and am, indeed, anxious to avoid a historical arrangement of poetry, or anything that could resemble it ; though, in making a selection which is to feed the fancy and imagination of the young, and which must include great names and great works, I have been compelled incidentally to travel over the same path as the historian of literature.

Once again I have to express my gratitude to the numerous authors and publishers whose generosity has enabled me to prepare a book enriched by the work of living poets, and possessed, therefore, of an added interest and charm.

My thanks are due to Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Keble, Mr. Barnes, Archbishop Trench, Barry Cornwall, and to many other authors and proprietors of copyright pieces ; and also to Messrs. Longmans, Murray, Blackwood, Parker, Macmillan, Chapman, and many other publishers.

FRANCES MARTIN.

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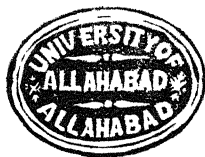
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P O E M S.



I.

MORNING

MUES of the rich unfolding Morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell ;—

Thou rustling Breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ,—

Ye fragrant Clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven ,—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake ?

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new ! *

* Revelation, xxi 5.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see :
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go : -
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J Keble.

II.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM
GHENT TO AIX

[16--]



SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ,
' Good speed !' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;

' Speed !' echoed the wall to us galloping through ,
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but, while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ,
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, ' Yet there is time !'

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ; *
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, ' Stay spur !
 ' Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 ' We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-tower sprang white,
 And ' Gallop,' gasped Joris, ' for Aix is in sight !'

' How they'll greet us !'—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

R. Browning.

III.

TO A WATER-FOWL.



HITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of
day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near,

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'lt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form : yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. Bryant.

IV.

SONG OF PRAISE.



O God, ye choir above, begin
A hymn so loud and strong,
That all the universe may hear
And join the grateful song.

Praise Him, thou sun, who dwells unseen
Amidst transcendent light,
Where thy refulgent orb would seem
A spot, as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,
The universal song
Through the serene and silent night
To listening worlds prolong.

Sing Him, ye distant worlds and suns,
From whence no travelling ray
Hath yet to us, through ages past,
Had time to make its way.

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear
On rapid wings His praise,
From north to south, from east to west,
Through heaven, and earth, and seas.

Exert your voice, ye furious fires
That rend the watery cloud,
And thunder to this nether world
Your Maker's words aloud.

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown
Beneath the rolling main ;
Ye birds, that sing among the groves,
And sweep the azure plain ;

Ye stately hills, that rear your heads,
And towering pierce the sky ;
Ye clouds, that with an awful pace
Majestic roll on high ;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf
Within its narrow sides
A vast extended world displays,
And spacious realms provides ;

Ye race, still less than these, with which
 The stagnant water teems,
 To which one drop, however small,
 A boundless ocean seems ;

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
 Ye creatures great or small,
 Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
 That made and governs all.


And if ye want or sense or sounds,
 To swell the grateful noise,
 Prompt mankind with that sense, and they
 Shall find for you a voice.

From all the boundless realms of space
 Let loud Hosannas sound ;
 Loud send, ye wondrous works of God,
 The grateful concert round.

P. Skelton.

v.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

TTEND all ye who list to hear our noble England's
 praise ;
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
 ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
 Bay ;
 Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's
 isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in
chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
wall;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty
hall;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a
post.

With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff
comes;

Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the
drums;

His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample
space,

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her
Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his paws the princely
hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight; ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your
blades.

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her
wide;

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our
pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy
fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll
of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea,—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame
spread ;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves .
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless
caves .
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew ;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-
red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence
broke,


And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
 woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the loud alarum clashed from all her reeling
 spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice
 of fear ,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
 cheer :
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurry-
 ing feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes rushed down
 each roaring street :
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
 din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring
 in .
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike
 errand went,
And raised in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of
 Kent.
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright
 couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started
 for the North ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
 still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang
 from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky
 dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to Heaven the stormy hills of
 Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
 height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest
 of light,

Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
 fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
 plain,
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
 Trent;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embat-
 tled pile,
 And the red glare of Skiddaw roused the burghers of
 Carlisle.

T. B. Macaulay.

VI.

LUCY.

 HE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A Maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love :


A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye !
 —Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and oh,
 The difference to me !

W. Wordsworth.

VII.


ON HIS BLINDNESS.

HEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?'
 I fondly ask : But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies — 'God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

J. Milton.

VIII.

TO EVENING

F aught of oaten* stop or pastoral song
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
 With brede† ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed,

* *Oaten*, consisting of an oat straw or stem *Oat* is often used for a tune
 † instrument made of *oat-straw*

Brede, braid

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star * arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires .
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

* *Folding-star*, Hesperus, the evening star.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

IV Collins

IX.

JAFFAR.



JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer.
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death
All Araby and Persia held their breath ;

All but the brave Mondee1.—He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief,
(For his great heart wanted a great relief,)
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.


'Bring me this man,' the caliph cried · the man
 Was brought, was gazed upon The mutes began
 To bind his arms. 'Welcome, brave cords,' cried he ;
 'From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me ;
 'From wants, from shames, from loveless household
 fears ;
 'Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears ;
 'Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
 'With his great self How can I pay Jaffar ?

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great.
 He said, 'Let worth grow frenzied if it will ;
 'The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
 'Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
 'The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
 'And hold the giver as thou deemest fit.'
 'Gifts !' cried the friend. He took ; and holding it
 High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, 'This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar.'

Leigh Hunt.

X.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

ITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the 'Song of the Shirt !'

‘Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It’s Oh ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

‘Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

‘Oh, Men, with Sisters dear !
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you’re wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

‘But why do I talk of Death ?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

‘Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.

That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

‘Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand.

‘Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

‘Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !


‘Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !’

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !
She sang this ' Song of the Shirt ! '

T. Hood.

XI.

LESSONS FROM THE GORSE.

 ^IOUNTAIN gorses, ever-golden,
Cankered not the whole year long !
Do ye teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,
Up the hill-side of this life, as bleak as where ye grow ?

^{II}
Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms ?
Ye, whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to the wintry earth that Beauty liveth still !

^{III.}
Mountain gorses, do ye teach us
From that academic chair
Canopied with azure air,
That the wisest word man reaches
Is the humblest he can speak ?
Ye, who live on mountain peak,
Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek !

IV

Mountain gorses, since Linnæus
 Knelt beside you on the sod,
 For your beauty thanking God,—
 For your teaching ye should see us
 Bowing in prostration new !
 Whence arisen,—if one or two
 Drops be on our cheeks—O world, they are not tears, but
 dew.

E. B. Browning.

XII.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.



LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
 And lovers' ears in hearing ;
 And love, in life's extremity,
 Can lend an hour of cheering.
 Disease had been in Mary's bower,
 And slow decay from mourning,
 Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
 To watch her Love's returning.
 All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
 Her form decayed by pining,
 Till through her wasted hand, at night,
 You saw the taper shining.
 By fits a sultry hectic hue
 Across her cheek was flying ;
 By fits so ashy pale she grew
 Her maidens thought her dying.
 Yet keenest powers to see and hear
 Seemed in her frame residing ;
 Before the watch-dog pricked his ear
 She heard her lover's riding ;
 Ere scarce a distant form was kenned
 She knew, and waved to greet him,
 And o'er the battlement did bend
 As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he passed—a heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing ;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

W. Scott.

XIII.


THE SKYLARK.



BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythsome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !

J. Hogg.


ON TIME.

LY, envious Time ! till thou run out thy race ;
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross ;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain !
For when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss ;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time

J. Milton.

XV.

SONG.


 IS sweet to hear the merry lark,
 That bids a blithe good morrow ;
 But sweeter to hark in the twinkling dark,
 To the soothing song of sorrow.
 Oh nightingale ! What doth she ail ?
 And is she sad or jolly ?
 For ne'er on earth, was sound of mirth
 So like to melanchöly.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
 No worldly thought o'ertakes him ;
 He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
 And the daylight that awakes him.
 As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
 The nightingale is trilling ;
 With feeling bliss, no less than his,
 Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet, ever and anon, a sigh,
 Peers through her lavish mirth ;
 For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
 And her's is of the earth.
 By night and day, she tunes her lay,
 To drive away all sorrow ;
 For bliss, alas ! to-night must pass,
 And woe may come to-morrow.


Hartley Coleridge.

XVI.

KING JOHN.

ACT III. SCENE III.

KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. OME hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
John. We owe thee much ; within this wall of
 flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love :
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishéd.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so
 yet,

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go :
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
 To give me audience :—if the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on into the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possesséd with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot laughter, keep men's eyes

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes ;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
But, ah, I will not ! Yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst ?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way ;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me . dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.


I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee ,
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
Remember

W. Shakespeare.

XVII.

KING JOHN

ACT IV. SCENE I — *A Room in a Castle.**Enter HUBERT and Executioners.*

Hub.  EAT me these irons hot ; and look thou stand

Within the arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look to't.

[Exeunt Executioners.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks no body should be sad but I .
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,*
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long :
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me :
He is afraid of me and I of him .

* *Christendom.* the state of being a Christian.

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is't not ; and I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy which lies dead :
 Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night and watch with you
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my
 bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum !
 Turning despiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but
 ache,

I knit my handkercher about your blows,
 The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
 And I did never ask it you again ;
 And with my hand at midnight held your head,
 And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
 Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
 Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love

And call it cunning : do, an if you will :
 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !
 The iron of itself, though heat * red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
 And quench his fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron ?
 An if an angel should have come to me
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him. No tongue but Hubert's,-
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-tough ?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
 Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily :
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*

* *Heat*, used as a participle.

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend !
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert ;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes : O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create* for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;
And like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth taire him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office : only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace ; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence : no more . go closely in with me .
Much danger do I undergo for thee.


W. Shakspeare.

XVIII.

KING JOHN.

ACT IV. SCENE II — *A Room in the Palace.*

KING JOHN and HUBERT

Hub.  Y lord, they say five moons were seen to
night ;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons !

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailéd and ranked in Kent .
Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murdered him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. None had, my lord ! why, did you not provoke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done ! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a
 pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,
 Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As bid* me tell my tale in express words,
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never entered yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;
 And you have slandered nature in my form,
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,

* *As bid*, as if to bid.


And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

W. Shakespeare.

XIX.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

HE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
 Where leaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll :
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their aimless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth.
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

T. Gray.

XX.

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.



O ! we bring with us the hero—
Lo ! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best becomes a victor
From the altar of his fame ;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight !
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea !
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee ?
Let the widows of the traitors—
Weep until their eyes are dim !
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him !
See ! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—

See ! his valiant blood is mingled
With its crimson and its gold.
See how calm he looks and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field !
See—Oh never more, my comrades !
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh ;
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country,
Bade us win the field or fall !

* * * *


Open wide the vaults of Athol,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest !
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace !
O thou lion-hearted warrior !
Reck not of the after-time :
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee.

W. E. Aytoun.

XXI.

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF ALTENAHN.

‘ O the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine ;
 And the water is spent and gone ?
 Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine—
 I never shall drink but this one.

‘ And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
 And lead him me round to the door :
 He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
 As horse never took before.

‘ I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
 I have drank my share of wine ;
 From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
 Led a merrier life than mine.

‘ I have lived by the saddle for years two score ;
 And if I must die on tree—
 Why the old saddle-tree which has borne me of yore
 Is the properest timber for me.

‘ So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
 How the Altenahr hawk can die :
 If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest
 He must take to his wings and fly.’

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
 And he mounted his horse at the door ;
 And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
 As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
 And he leapt him out over the wall ;
 Out over the cliff, out into the night,
 Three hundred feet of fall.


They found him next morning below in the glen,
 With never a bone in him whole—
 A mass or a prayer now, good gentlemen,
 For such a bold rider's soul.

C. Kingsley

XXII.

ANCIENT GREECE.

(FROM 'THE GIAOUR.')


 LIME of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,—
 Oh servile offspring of the free !—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame :
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !
 Attest it many a deathless age !
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,

Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace,
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

Byron.

XXIII.

THE SEA.

HE Sea ! the Sea ! the open Sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round ,
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea ! I'm on the Sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh ! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
 But I loved the great Sea more and more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
 And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me ;
 For I was born on the open Sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the Ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change ;
 And Death, whenever he come to me,
 Shall come on the wild unbounded Sea !

Barry Cornwall.

XXIV.

TO THE DAISY.



WITH little here to do or see
 Of things that in the great world be,
 Daisy ! again I talk to thee,
 For thou art worthy,
 Thou unassuming Common-place
 Of Nature, with that homely face,
 And yet with something of a grace,
 Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
 I sit, and play with similes,

Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising :
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port,
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations ;
A queen in crown of rubies drest ;
A starveling in a scanty vest ;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish—and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some faery bold
In fight to cover !

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star ;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee !
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee ?

Bright *Flower* ! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature !

That breath'st with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature !

W. Wordsworth.

XXV.

THE DEATH-BED.



E watch'd her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied—
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed,—she had
 Another morn than ours.

T. Hood.

XXVI.

THE BREEZE FROM SHORE.



OY is upon the lonely seas,
 When Indian forests pour
 Forth to the billow and the breeze
 Their odours from the shore ;

Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.

O welcome are the winds that tell
A wanderer of the deep,
Where, far away, the jasmines dwell
And where the myrrh-trees weep !
Blest, on the sounding surge and foam,
Are tidings of the citron's home !

The sailor at the helm they meet,
And hope his bosom stirs,
Upspringing, 'mid the waves, to greet
The fair earth's messengers ;
That woo him from the moaning main
Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales
Of many a flowering glade,
And fount's bright gleam, in island-vales
Of golden-fruited shade.
Across his lone ship's wake they bring
A vision and a glow of Spring.


And O, ye masters of the lay,
Come not even thus your songs,
That meet us on life's weary way
Amidst her toiling throngs ?
Yes, o'er the spirit thus they bear
A current of celestial air.

Their power is from the brighter clime
That in our birth hath part ;
Their tones are of the world, which time
Sears not within the heart :
They tell us of the living light
In its green places ever bright.

They call us with a voice divine
 Back to our early love,—
 Our vows of youth at many a shrine,
 Whence far and fast we rove.
 Welcome high thought and holy strain,
 That make us Truth's and Heaven's again.
F. Hemans.

XXVII.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

ELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 'Life is but an empty dream !'
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act,—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow

XXVIII.

PRAYER.



FT had I prayed, believing prayed,
 Yet nothing could obtain ;
 And in my folly, oft I said,
 Lord, is thy promise vain ?

I prayed in youth, that I might win
 The race of youthful pride ;
 Though hope burned like a fire within
 My heart, it was denied.


I prayed for power, I prayed for wealth ;
 Nor wealth nor power was mine—
 In lingering pain I prayed for health,
 And felt my strength decline.

At the last, Wisdom spoke—‘ My Son,
 Christ’s kingdom is of *Heaven*;
 Ask *heavenly* things—they shall be done’—
 I asked, and it was given.

S. Hinds.

XXIX.

IL PENSEROSO.*

 ENCE vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly, without father bred !
 How little you bestead,†
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus’ train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy !
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O’erlaid with black, staid Wisdom’s hue :
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon’s sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen‡ that strove
 To set her beauty’s praise above
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended ;
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;

* *Il Penseroso*, the Thoughtful or Pensive Man.

† *Bestead*, avail.

‡ *Starr’d Ethiop Queen* Cassiopeia, a legendary Queen of Ethiopia, and thence translated amongst the constellations

Thee bright-haired Vesta,* long of yore
 To solitary Saturn† bore ;
 His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole‡ of cypres lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait,
 And looks commencing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing ,
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel§ will deign a song

* *Vesta*, Genius.

† *Saturn*, Sorrow. 'Pensiveness is the daughter of Sorrow and Genius.

‡ *Stole*, a veil

§ *Philomel*, the nightingale

In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia * checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak ;
 —Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy ;
 Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen,
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfeu sound
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still, removéd place will fit.
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's † drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen on some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
 With thrice-great Hermes, ‡ or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold

* *Cynthia*, the moon : her chariot is drawn by dragons in ancient representations.

† *Bellman*, the watchman, who muttered blessings as he passed.

‡ *Hermes*, called Trismegistus, an Egyptian Philosopher

What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall* come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes,† or Pelops'‡ line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd§ stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus|| from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek !
Or call up him that left half-told ¶
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards ** beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,

* *Pall*, the robe Palla

† *Thebes*, &c , subjects of Athenian tragedy, 'Seven before Thebes' of Æschylus

‡ *Pelops' line*, the 'Electra' of Sophocles

§ *Buskin'd*, tragic. The *buskin* (cothurnus) was worn by tragedians, the *sock* (soccus) by comedians

|| *Musæus*, an ancient Greek poet.

¶ *Him that left half told*, Chaucer in his incomplete Squire's Tale

** *Great bards*, Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser.

Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited* Morn appear.
Not tricked and frownced† as she was wont
With the Attic Boy‡ to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan§ loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavéd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep :
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid .
And as I wake sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,

* *Civil*, grave, decent.

† *Frownced*, curled.

‡ *The Attic Boy*, Cephalus


§ *Sylvan*, the god of the woods.

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowéd* roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire† below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes,
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell
 Where I may sit and rightlly spell‡
 Of every star that heaven doth show,
 And every herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old Experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

Milton

XXX.

VENICE BY NIGHT.

IGHT in her dark array
 Steals o'er the ocean,
 And with departed day
 Hushed seems its motion.
 Slowly o'er yon blue coast
 Onward she's treading,

* *High embowéd*, vaulted.

† *Quire*, choir.

‡ *Spell*, learn


Till its dark line is lost,
'Neath her veil spreading.
The bark on the rippling deep
Hath found a pillow,
And the pale moonbeams sleep
On the green billow.

Bound by her emerald zone
Venice is lying,
And round her marble crown
Night-winds are sighing.
From the high lattice now
Bright eyes are gleaming,
That seem on night's dark brow
Brighter stars beaming.

Now o'er the blue lagoon
Light barks are dancing,
And 'neath the silver moon
Swift oars are glancing.
Strains from the mandolin
Steal o'er the water :
Echo replies between
To mirth and laughter.
O'er the wave seen afar
Brilliantly shining,
Gleams like a fallen star
Venice reclining.

F. Kemble.

XXXI.

 HE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;

But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ,
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To wain, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

W. Wordsworth.

XXXII.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

(FROM THE 'FAERY QUEEN')

BOOK II. CANTO VIII.



ND is there care in Heaven ? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?


There is :—else much more wretched were the case

Of men than beasts :—But O ! the exceeding grace
 Of Highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to seive his wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want !
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,*
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
 And all for love and nothing for reward :
 O, why should Heavenly God to men have such regard !
E. Spenser.

XXXIII.

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

‘  AY, what remains when Hope is fled ?’
 She answered, ‘ Endless weeping !’
 For in the herdsman’s eye she read
 Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
 The stag was roused on Bauden Fell ;
 The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
 And down the Wharfe a hein was flying ;
 When near the cabin in the wood,
 In tartan clad and forest green,
 With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
 The Boy of Egremond was seen.
 Blithe was his song, a song of yore ;
 But where the rock is rent in two


* *Pursuivant*, an officer-at-arms.

And the river rushes through
His voice was heard no more !
'Twas but a step ! the gulf he passed ;
But that step—it was his last !
As through the mist he winged his way,
(A cloud that hovers night and day,)
The hound hung back, and back he drew
The master and his merlin too.
That narrow place of noise and strife
Received their little all of life !
There now the matin-bell is rung ,
The 'Miserere !' duly sung ;
And holy men in cowl and hood
Are wandering up and down the wood,
But what avail they ? Ruthless lord,
Thou didst not shudder when the sword
Here on the young its fury spent,
The helpless and the innocent.
Sit now and answer groan for groan ;
The child before thee is thy own ;
And she who wildly wanders there,
The mother in her long despair,
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping ;
Of those who would not be consoled
When red with blood the river rolled ! -

S. Rogers

XXXIV.

THE SEA FIGHT.

I.
HE Sun hath ridden into the sky,
And the Night gone to her lair ;
Yet all is asleep
On the mighty Deep,
And all in the calm gray air.

II

All seemeth as calm as an infant's dream,
As far as the eye may ken ;
 But the cannon blast,
 That just now passed,
Hath awakened ten thousand men.

III.

An order is blown from ship to ship ;
All round and round it rings ;
 And each sailor is stirred
 By the warlike word,
And his jacket he downwards flings.

IV.

He strippeth his arms to his shoulders strong ;
He girdeth his loins about ;
 And he answers the cry
 Of his foemen nigh,
With a cheer and a noble shout.

V.

What follows ?—a puff, and a flash of light,
And the booming of a gun ;
 And a scream, that shoots
 To the heart's red roots,
And we know that a fight's begun.

VI.

A thousand shot are at once let loose ;
Each flies from its brazen den,
 (Like the Plague's swift breath,)
 On its deed of death,
And smites down a file of men.

VII

The guns in their thick-tongued thunder speak,
And the frigates all rock and ride,
 And timbers crash,
 And the mad waves dash
Foaming all far and wide .

VIII.

And high as the skies run piercing cries,
All telling one tale of woe,—
 That the struggle still,
 Between good and ill,
Goes on, in the earth below.

IX

Day pauses, in gloom, on his western road :
The moon returns again :
 But, of all who looked bright,
 In the morning light,
There are only a thousand men.

X

Look up, at the brooding clouds on high !
Look up, at the awful sun !
 And, behold,—the sea flood
 Is all red with blood .
Hush !—a battle is lost,—and won !
 Barry Cornwall

XXXV.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.



THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps thronged the hall ;
A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall
The fingers of a Hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand :

The fingers of a Man ;—
A solitary Hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The Monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
' Let the men of lore appea
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.'

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill ;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore ;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A Captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth ;
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

' Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
To light and worthless clay ,

The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone ;
The Mede is at his gate !
The Persian on his throne !'

Byron.

XXXVI.

THE WRECK.



ALL night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark from India's coral strand,
Before the raging blast
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship !—brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her !—
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer.
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas—
Her anchor gone, her deck upturn—
And sadder things than these !

We saw her treasures cast away,—
The rocks with pearls were sown,
And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone.
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze ;
And gorgeous robes—but oh ! that shore
Had sadder things than these !

We saw the strong man still and low,
A crushed reed thrown aside ;
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died.
And near him on the sea-weed lay—
Till then we had not wept—
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That there a *mother* slept !

For her pale arms a babe had prest,
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp.
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet long streamers hung,
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, midst that wild scene,
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like slumbers, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye—
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony !

Oh ! human love, whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
Its passionate adieu—
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea !

F. Hemans.

XXXVII.

THE CLOUD.

I



BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,

From the seas and the streams ;

I bear light shades for the leaves when laid

In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under,

And then again I dissolve it in rain,

And laugh as I pass in thunder.

II.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,

And their great pines groan aghast ;

And all the night 'tis my pillow white,

While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,

Lightning my pilot sits,

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,

It struggles and howls at fits ;

Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,

This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move

In the depths of the purple sea ;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,

The spirit he loves remains ;

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

III.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

IV

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

V

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below

VI

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

P. B. Shelley.

XXXVIII.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON,

AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS



THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself !
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)
Thou merry, laughing sprite !
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck !
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
 (The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)
 Thou darling of thy sire !
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire !)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy !
 In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy !
 There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;
 Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble !—that's his precious nose !)

Thy father's pride and hope !
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
 With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint—
 (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)
 Thou young domestic dove !
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove !)
 Dear nurseling of the Hymeneal nest !
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)
 Little epitome of man !
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
 (He's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John !

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar !)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

T. Hood.

XXXIX.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.



YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoléon
 Stood on our storming day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused ' My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall, '—

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping : nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal's in the Market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him !' The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes :
'You're wounded !' 'Nay,' his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
'I'm killed, Sire !' And, his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

R. Browning

XL.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.



OME dear children, let us away ;
 Down and away below.
 Now my brothers call from the bay ;
 Now the great winds shorewards blow ;
 Now the salt tides seawards flow ;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away.
 This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
 Call once yet,
 In a voice that she will know :
 ' Margaret ! Margaret !'
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear :
 Children's voices wild with pain.
 Surely she will come again.
 Call her once, and come away.
 This way, this way.
 ' Mother dear, we cannot stay.'
 The wild white horses foam and fret,
 Margaret ! Margaret !

Come dear children, come away down.
 Call no more.
 One last look at the white-walled town,
 And the little grey church on the windy shore,
 Then come down.
 She will not come though you call all day.
 Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?

When did music come this way?

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sat with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea.
And the youngest sat on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell,
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea,
She said, 'I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'
I said: 'Go up, dear heart, through the waves:
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves.'
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay,
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?

'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;

Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say.'
'Come,' I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach in the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town,
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold-blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sat by the pillar ; we saw her clear ;

'Margaret, hst ! come quick, we are here.

Dear heart,' I said, 'we are here alone.

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'

But, ah ! she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.

'Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more,

Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,

Down to the depths of the sea,

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings . 'O joy, O joy,

From the humming street, and the child with its toy,

From the priest and the bell, and the holy well,

From the wheel where I spun,

And the blessed light of the sun.'

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window and looks at the sand,

And over the sand at the sea ;

And her eyes are set in a stare ;

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children,
Come children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howlin
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, ' Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she ;
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea '

But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom ;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom :
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie ;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills,

At the white sleeping town ;
At the church on the hill-side--
And then come back, down.
Singing, 'There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she :
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.'

M. Arnold.

XLI.

SONG.



O, lovely Rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

E. Waller.

XLII.

EVENING VOLUNTARY.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR
AND BEAUTY.

I.

WHEN this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment ;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail Mortality may see—
What is ?—ah no, but what *can* be !
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vespers in the grove ;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme !

II.

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues !

In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side ;
And glistening antlers are descried ;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve !
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine !
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won ;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread !

III.

And, if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where !
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend !
—Wings at my shoulders seem to play ;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heaven-ward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound !
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii ! to his covert speed ;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour !

IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,

Where'er it wandered in the morn
 Of blissful infancy.
 This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
 For, if a vestige of those gleams
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
 Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
 No less than Nature's threatening voice,
 If aught unworthy be my choice,
 From THEE if I would swerve;
 Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
 Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,
 Rejoices in a second birth!
 —'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades;
 And night approaches with her shades.

W. Wordsworth.

XLIII.

HYMN OF THE CITY.



NOT in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale, the present Deity;
 Or only hear his voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
 Through the great city rolled,
 With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,
And lights their inner homes .
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest,
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine,
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

W. C. Bryant.

XLIV.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.




LADY! that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hath shunned the broad way and the
green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth ;
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,

And hope that reaps not shame Therefore be sure,
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure !
J. Milton.

XLV.

DIVINE EJACULATIONS.

OUNTAIN of light and living breath,
 Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
 Fill me with life that hath no death,
 Fill me with light that hath no shade,
 Appoint the remnant of my days
 To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

Lord God of gods ! before whose throne
 Stand storms and fire, O what shall we
 Return to heaven, that is our own,
 When all the world belongs to Thee !
 We have no offering to impart
 But praises and a wounded heart.

O Thou that sitt'st in heaven, and seest
 My deeds without, my thoughts within,
 Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,
 Command my soul, and cure my sin.
 How bitter my afflictions be
 I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
 Brings no content, great God, to me
 If what I would, or what I have,
 Be not possest and blest in Thee.
 What I enjoy, oh, make it mine
 In making me, that have it, Thine !

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends—when eyes grow strange—
When plighted faith forgets its vows—
When earth and all things in it change,—
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never ;
When once Thou lovest, Thou lovest for ever.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel, and live,—
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

John Quarles.

XLVI.

THE BELLS.

I.



HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells

II

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells !

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune
What a liquid ditty floats,
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells
How it swells !
How it dwells
On the future ! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III

Hear the loud alarum-bells—
Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright !
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour
Now, now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair !
How they clang and clash and roar !
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air !
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows ;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !

iv

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells !
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone !
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,


And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls ;
And their king it is who tolls ;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells ;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells ;
And he dances and he yells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
E. A. Poe.

XLVII.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I—*Ely House.*

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT sick, with the DUKE OF YORK, &c

Gaunt.  ILL the king come, that I may breathe
my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstead
youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listened more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends marked than their lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopped with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
So it be new, there's no respect how vile—
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose .
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder .
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting* farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

* *Pelting*, paltry

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds ·
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

W. Shakespeare.

XLVIII.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN.

York.



HE king is come : deal mildly with his
 youth ;
 For young hot colts being raged do rage
 the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. Rich. What comfort, man ? how is't with aged
 Gaunt ?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition !
 Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old :
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?
 For sleeping England long time have I watched ;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast ; I mean, my children's looks ;
 And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt .
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their
 names ?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. O, no ! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now He that made me knows I see thee ill ;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee :

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incagéd in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land

O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,

Which art possessed now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease ;

But for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king :

Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law ;

And thou—

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,

Presuming on an ague's privilege,

Darest with thy frozen admonition

Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood

With fury from his native residence.

Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,

Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,

This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head

Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son,
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapped out and drunkenly caroused :
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood .
Join with the present sickness that I have ;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !
These words hereafter thy tormentors be !
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave .
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne off by his attendants]

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have ;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him .
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true : as Hereford's love,
so his ;
As theirs, so mine , and all be as it is

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
majesty.

K. Rich. What says he ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.

So much for that. Now for our Irish wars :
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
 Which live like venom where no venom else
 But only they have privilege to live.
 And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

York How long shall I be patient ? ah, how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?
 Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
 Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
 About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first :
 In war was never lion raged more fierce,
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman
 His face thou hast, for even so looked he,
 Accomplished with the number of thy hours ;
 But when he frowned, it was against the French
 And not against his friends ; his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won ;
 His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York.

O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleased
 Not to be pardoned, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
 The royalties and rights of banished Hereford ?

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offered homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposéd hearts
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while. my hege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad couises may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.


W. Shakespeare.

XLIX.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT III SCENE IV. *Langley. The Duke of York's garden.*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. HAT sport shall we devise here in this
garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of
care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore, no dancing, girl, some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam

Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow,
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'T is well that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, wouldst thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing,* would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,

* *And I could sing* That is, if my sorrows were so light that they could be removed by weeping, I also could sing

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots * disordered and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace
He that hath suffered this disordered spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf .
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up root and all by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv What, are they dead?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land
As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself .
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty : superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live .
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

* *Knots* The symmetrical beds in a garden were the *knots*.

Serv. What, think you then the king shall be deposed ?

Gard. Depressed he is already, and deposed
'Tis doubt he will be . letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am pressed to death through want of
speaking ! *[Coming forward.]*

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee [news ?]
To make a second fall of curséd man ?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed ?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by this ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I
To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke : their fortunes both are weighed .
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you will find it so ;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it ? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]

Gard. Poor queen ! so that thy state might be no worse,
 I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
 Here did she fall a tear ; here in this place
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace .
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

W. Shakespeare.

L

MORNING THOUGHTS



HEN first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
 To do the like . our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty .—true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.
 Give Him thy first thoughts then · so shalt thou keep
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.


Yet never sleep the sun up . prayer should
 Dawn with the day : there are set, awful hours
 'Twixt Heaven and us : the manna was not good
 After sunrising · far day sullies flowers
 Rise to prevent the sun : sleep doth sins glut ,
 And heaven's gate opens, when the world's is shut.

Wake with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
 And whisperings among them . not a spring
 Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
 And oak doth know I AM ! Canst *thou* not sing ?
 O leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

H. Vaughan.

LI.

THE MUSE.

 HE doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace,
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss,
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from every thing I saw
 I could some invention draw,
 And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight.
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustling ;
 By a daisy, whose leaves, spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed,
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man.
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness
 In the very gall of sadness.
 The dull lonesome, the black shade,
 That these hanging vaults have made ;
 That strange music of the waves
 Beating on these hollow caves ;
 This black den, which rocks emboss,
 Overgrown with eldest moss ;
 The rude portals, that give light
 More to terror than delight ;

This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect, -
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent ;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee ;
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to nought but earth are born,—
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.
Though our wise ones call it madness,
May I never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy madd'st fits
More than all their greatest wits :
And though some, too, seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

G. Wither.

LII.

ODE TO DUTY.



STERN daughter of the Voice of God :
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth .
Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work, and know it not .
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust .
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance desires
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice,
The confidence of reason give :
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

W. Wordsworth.

LIII.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

(FROM SALIS)



INTO the silent land !

Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O thither,

Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection ! Tender morning-visions

Of beauteous souls ! The Future's pledge and band !


Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land !

H. W. Longfellow.

LIV.

ADDRESS OF COMUS.

 HE star that bids the shepherd fold,*
Now the top of Heaven doth hold ;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream ;
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East .
Meanwhile welcome joy and feast.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head.
Strict Age and sour Severity
With their grave saws † in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire, ‡
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.

* *Fold*, fold their flocks

† *Saws*, sayings, maxims.


‡ *Choir*.

The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice* move ;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook and fountain brim
 The Wood-Nymphs decked with daisies trim
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What hath Night to do with Sleep ?
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

J. Milton.

LV.

RUTH.

 HE stood breast high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
 Deeply ripened ; such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
 Which were blackest none could tell,
 But long lashes veiled a light,
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
 Made her tressy forehead dim ;—
 Thus she stood among the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks ,—

* *Morrice*, or Moorish dance.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

T. Hood.

LVI.

SLEEP.

'He giveth His beloved sleep'—*Psalm cxxvii. 2*

I.



F all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep?'

II

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

III.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

IV.

'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

v

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delv'd gold, the wailer's heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God strikes a silence through you all,
And 'giveth His beloved, sleep.'

vi

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

vii.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
But angels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

viii

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who 'giveth His beloved, sleep !'

ix


And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One, most loving of you all,
 Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall!
 He giveth His belovéd, sleep.'

E. B. Browning.

LVII.

THE SABBATH.

RESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
 Yet yonder halts the quiet mill ;
 The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
 How motionless and still !

Six days stern Labour shuts the poor
 From Nature's careless banquet-hall ;
 The seventh, an Angel opes the door,
 And, smiling, welcomes all !

A Father's tender mercy gave
 This holy respite to the breast,
 To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
 And know—the wheel may rest !

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
 Thy strength thy master's slave must be ;
 The seventh, the limbs escape the chain—
 A God hath made thee free !

The fields that yester-morning knew
 Thy footsteps as their serf, survey ;
 On thee, as them, descends the dew,
 The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
 But yonder halts the quiet mill ;
 The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
 How motionless and still !

So rest,—O weary heart !—but, lo,
The church-spire, glist'ning up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
The day thy God hath given !

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high,—
O Soul, at peace within the breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky !

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of Power from old Dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas ! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour ,
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright Republic shall be known ;—
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims His own !

Six days may Rank divide the pool,
O Dives, from thy banquet hall—
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all !

E. L. Bulwer Lytton.

LVIII.

TO A SKYLARK.



AIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest ;
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an embodied Joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee .
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.


Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.
P. B. Shelley

LIX.

THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.

(FROM 'CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,' CANTO II)

 HERE'ER we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground ;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone ;
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word ;
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around
Byron.

LX.

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK.



PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons !
 Come in your war-array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky ;
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.
 Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterred.
 The bride at the altar ;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges ;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded .
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset !

W. Scott.

LXI.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.



CYRIACK ! this three years' day these eyes, though
clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot.
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer


Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overplied
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain mask,
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.
J. Milton.

LXII.

KING RICHARD'S DESPAIR.

KING RICHARD II

ACT III. SCENE II — *The Coast of Wales*

K.  F comfort no man speak :
Rich. Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors and talk of wills :
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
 Save our deposéd bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
 How some have been deposéd ; some slain in war ;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposéd ; *
 Some poisoned by their wives ; some sleeping killed ;
 All murdered - for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,

* *Ghosts they have deposéd* Ghosts of those whom they have deposéd

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be feared and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humoured thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king !
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence · throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while ·
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends . subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king ?

W. Shakespeare.

LXIII.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.



SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain ,

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

R. C. Trench

LXIV.

THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.

(FROM THE 'ISLE OF PALMS')




T is the midnight hour :—the beauteous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven
discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the Ocean's heart were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard,

Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep ;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.
The sea, I ween, cannot be fanned
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away ;
But God hath willed that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright .
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellowed day !
The gracious Mistress of the Main
Hath now an undisturbed reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest !

J. Wilson.

LXV.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

ARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

W. Wordsworth.

LXVI.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city ;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its walls on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in their cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking :
 'Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's a noddy :
 And as for our Corporation—shocking

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease !
Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !'
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence .
'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !'
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
'Bless us,' cried the Mayor, 'what's that ?
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !'
'Come in !' the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure !
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin ;
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire :

Quoth one, 'It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone !'

He advanced to the council table :
And, ' Please your honours,' said he, ' I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.'
(And here they noticed, round his neck,
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
' Yet,' said he, ' poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats :
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ?'
' One? fifty thousand !' was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;

Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled,
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished,
—Save one, who stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As *he* the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, ‘At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press’s gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!

So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon !
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me !'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
'Go,' cried the Mayor, 'and get long poles !
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !'—When suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders !

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue,
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
'Besides,' quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink.
'Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke—
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty .
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !'

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
'No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.'

'How?' cried the Mayor, 'd'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!'

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane,
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scat
tering,

Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.
' He never can cross that mighty top ;
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop !'
When, lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all ? No ! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
' It's dull in our town since my playmates left !
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me :
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings,
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's gate
Opens to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly,
If after the day of the month and year
These words did not as well appear,
' And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six '
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.

Nor suffered they Hostelry or Tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church Window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;
 And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people, that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band,
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand

So Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men,—especially pipers,
 And whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

R. Browning.

LXVII

TO THE VIOLET.



VIOLET ! sweet violet !
 Thine eyes are full of tears ,
 Are they wet
 Even yet
 With the thought of other years ?
 Or with gladness are they full,
 For the night so beautiful,
 And longing for those far-off spheres ?

Loved-one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
 And I see,
 Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.


Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown coloured like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,—
 Can it know
 All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Out on it ! no foolish pining
 For the sky
 Dims thine eye,
O, for the stars so calmly shining ;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefore I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping—but divine.
 Violet ! dear violet !
 Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that Nature meant thee !

J. R. Lowell.

LXVIII.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

HE night is come, but not too soon ;
 And sinking silently,
 All silently, the little moon
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
 But the cold light of stars ;
 And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?
 The star of love and dreams ?
 O no ! from that blue tent above,
 A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
 When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies,
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain ;
 Thou beckonest with thy mailéd hand,
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
 But the cold light of stars ;
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

H. W. Longfellow.

LXIX.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.



WORD when we seek thy throne of grace,
To crave a blessing there,
O let not earthly things have place
Unduly in our prayer.

To know that 'tis thy bounteous hand
Our daily bread bestows ;
To feel it is from thy command
Each added blessing flows.

This we may humbly know and feel,
But let not worldly store
One thought excite which would reveal
A craving thirst for more.

Thou knowest well what things we need :
Oh give us faith to see
That such necessities can plead
Their own brief wants with thee.

But teach us in the solemn hour
Of supplication, still
Simply to crave of thee the power
To do thy holy will ;

To feel that thy protecting care
 From evil is our shield ;
 To see, in dark temptations' snare
 The arm for us revealed.

Be such our prayers ! for all beside
 Thy word a pledge shall be,
 For thou hast promised to provide
 For all who follow thee.

B. Barton.

LXX.

TO THE CUCKOO.



BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear,
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
 I listened to ; that Cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee !

W. Wordsworth.

LXXI.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.



YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West !
Through all the wide Border his steed is the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone. [none ;
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He stayed not for brake and he stopt not for stone ;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented ; the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all ;
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,

'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!'

The bride kissed the goblet, the Knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace.
While her mother did fiet and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, 'T were better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!'

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear, [near;
When they reached the hall door; and the charger stood
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!' cried young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar!

W. Scott.

LXXII.

AN INDIAN AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF
HIS FATHERS.

T is the spot I came to seek,—
My fathers' ancient burial-place
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river side ;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide,—
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariots o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade,
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er hills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours ;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the god of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest ;
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth—
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay—like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away ;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind ;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,

Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.



Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dashed and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more
The springs are silent in the sun ;
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run ;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.

W. C. Bryant.

LXXXIII.

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR.

 O horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the clarion's note
is high ,
 To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the huge drum
makes reply :

Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our
ears.

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! White Guy is at the
door,
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston
Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow
turret stair.

Oh, many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she worked the bright word 'Glory' in the gay and
glancing thread ;
And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous
features ran,
As she said, ' It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van.'

' It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest
ride,
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon and the black
dragoons of Pride ;
The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gew-gaw flaunt bravely on their
wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers shout, for God and for the
King !'

'Tis noon ; the ranks are broken along the royal line ;
They fly, the braggarts of the Court, the bullies of the
Rhine :
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's
helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a
frown ;
And cold Newcastle mutters as he follows in the flight,
' The German boar had better far have supped in York
to-night.'

The Knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory
stain ;
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout
' For Church and King, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight
it out !'
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums
a stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! thou hast no thought
of fear ;

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! but fearful odds are
here.

The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and
thrust,

‘ Down, down,’ they cry, ‘ with Belial, down with him to
the dust !’

‘ I would’ quoth grim old Oliver, ‘ that Belial’s trusty
sword

This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the
Lord !’

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower ;
The gray-haired warden watches on the castle’s highest
tower.—

‘ What news, what news, old Anthony ?’ ‘ The field is
lost and won ;

The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the
sun ;

And a wounded man speeds hither,—I am old and cannot
see

Or sure I am that sturdy step my master’s step should
be.’

‘ I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough
a fray,

As e’er was proof of soldier’s thews, or theme for min-
strel’s lay.

Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum*
suff.;

I’ll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot and
buff ;

Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing
out his life,


And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful
wife !

' Sweet, we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship
 for France,
 And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mis-
 chance ;
 Or, if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope,
 Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peters for a
 pope !
 Alas, alas, my gallant Guy !—out on the crop-eared
 boor,
 That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston
 Moor !'

W. M. Praed.

LXXIV.

SONNET.

 T is a beauteous evening, calm and free.
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea .
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.


W. Wordsworth.

LXXV

KING RICHARD II.

ACT III. SCENE III — *Wales, before Flint Castle*

KING RICHARD DUKE OF AUMERLE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

North.  HY thrice noble cousin
 Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss
 thy hand ;

And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
 His coming hither hath no further scope
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees .
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbéd steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ,
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns :
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplished without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
 We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not. [*To Aumerle.*]
 To look so poorly and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth* ! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name †
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? must he submit ?
The king shall do it : must he be deposed ?
The king shall be contented : must he lose
The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave ;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade †, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head ;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live ;
And buried once, why not upon my head ?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin !
We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

* *Words of sooth* Assuaging, soothing words.

† *Common trade.* A beaten path. The original meaning of trade is a path or course that is *traded* or trodden

And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
 Two kinsmen digged their graves with weeping eyes.
 Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistering Phaethon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down,
 king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

W Shakespeare.


LXXVI.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT IV SCENE I—*London Westminster Hall.*

BOLINGBROKE, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Enter KING RICHARD, YORK, and Officers bearing the crown.

K.  O do what service am I sent for hither?
Rich. *York.* To do that office of thine own
 good will

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the
 crown;

Here cousin ;
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water :
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am ; but still my griefs are
mine :

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares
down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done,
Your care is gain of care, by new care won
The cares I give I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Rich. Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself .
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites :
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
God save King Harry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days !
What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up folly ? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven :
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort* of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest ;
For I have given here my soul's consent

* *A sort.* A company.

To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurped . alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself !
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops !
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit an attendant.]

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell !

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds ? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men ? was this the face

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face :
As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow ' ha ' let's see :
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul ,
There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. ' Fair cousin '? I am greater than a king :
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?


K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

W. Shakespeare.

LXXVII.

PROSPICE.

 EAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm
 The post of the foe ;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go .
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

R. Browning.

LXXVIII.

SONG.

(FROM 'COMUS')



SWEET echo, sweetest, Nymph ! that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Mæander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the lovelorn * nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well —
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
 Oh, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere !
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.
J. Milton.

LXXIX.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING



NOW Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea :
 Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams
 And glads the azure skies ;
 But nocht can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

* *Lorn*, lost.

Now lavrocks * wake the merry moin.
 Aloft on dewy wing :
 The merle †, in his noontide bower,
 Makes woodland echoes ring.
 The mavis ‡ mild, wi' many a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest .
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall oppressed.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The pumrose down the brae § ;
 The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
 And milkwhite is the slae.
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang ;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I hae been ,
 Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
 As blythe lay down at e'en.
 And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
 And monie a traitor there :
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !
 My sister and my foe !
 Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
 That through thy soul shall go.
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee ;
 Nor the balm that drops on wounds of woe
 Frae woman's pitying ee.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad * blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's foes,
Or turn their hearts to thee ;
And where thou meetst thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

Oh soon to me may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

R. Burns.

LXXX.

A POET'S EPITAPH.



TOP, Mortal ! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow, and the moor ;
His teachers were the torn hearts' wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave !
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate ;
And honoured in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.

* *Wad* would.

But if he loved the rich who make
 The poor man's little more,
 Ill could he praise the rich who take
 From plundered labour's store.
 A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare—
 Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
 Who drew them as they are.

E. Elliott.

LXXXI.

FAITH.

'Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness'



LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on !
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.


I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now,
 Lead Thou me on !
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those Angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

LXXXII.

ANTICIPATION.

OW it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live;
 To love and serve Thee is my share
 And Thou the grace must give.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before :
 He that unto God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by this Door.


Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see,
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days,
 And join with those triumphant saints
 That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim .
 But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.

R. Baxter.

LXXXIII.

EAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind ;
 Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays ;
 Heavy is woe ;—and joy, for human kind,
 A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze !'
 Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
 Who wants the glorious faculty assigned

To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
 And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
 Imagination is that sacred power,
 Imagination lofty and refined :
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
 Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
W. Wordsworth.

LXXXIV.

RETRIBUTION.



H righteous doom, that they who make
 Pleasure their only end,
 Ordering the whole life for its sake,
 Miss that whereto they tend.

While they who bid stern Duty lead,
 Content to follow, they
 Of Duty only taking heed,
 Find Pleasure by the way,

R. C. Trench.

LXXXV.

A FUNERAL HYMN.



H left his home with a bounding heart,
 For the world it was all before him ;
 And felt it scarce a pain to part
 Such bright sunbeams came o'er him.
 He turned him to visions of future years ;
 The rainbow's hues were round them—
 And a father's bodings, a mother's tears,
 Might not weigh with the hopes that crowned them.

That mother's cheek is far paler now
Than when she last caressed him—
There's an added gloom on that father's brow
Since the hour when last he blessed him.
Oh! that all human hopes should prove
Like the flowers that will fade to-morrow—
And the cankering visions of anxious love
Ever end in ruth and sorrow!

He left his home with a swelling sail,
Of fame and fortune dreaming :
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale
Or the pennon above him streaming.
He hath reached his goal—by a distant wave
'Neath a sultry sun they've laid him—
And stranger forms bent o'er his grave
When the last sad rites were paid him.

He should have died in his own loved land
With friends and kinsfolk near him ;
Not have withered thus on a foreign strand
With no thought, save heaven, to cheer him.
But what reck's it now? is his sleep less sound
In the port where the wild waves swept him,
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
And the hearts he loved had wept him?

Then why repine? Can he feel the rays
That a pestilent sun sheds o'er him?
Or share the grief that may cloud the days
Of the friends who now deplore him?
No—his bark's at anchor, its sails are furled,
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding—
And, safe from the buffeting waves of the world,
In a haven of peace is riding.


A. Watts

LXXXVI.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I SCENE I—*Rome. A Public Place.*

BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. RUTUS, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived . if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion :
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus .
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and shout.]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you .

We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink !'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried ' Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Bru. Another general shout !
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar . what should be in that 'Cæsar' ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed :
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim .
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider ; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :

Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calpurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius !

Ant. Cæsar ?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat :
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter ! But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

W. Shakespeare.

LXXXVII.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.*



OD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen.

God save the Queen.

Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Oh Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall .
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On her our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
With heart and voice to sing,
God save the Queen.

* The national song of 'God save the King' is generally believed to have been composed by Dr John Bull for King James the First, A D. 1667.

Oh grant her long to see
 Friendship and amity
 Always increase !
 May she her sceptre sway,
 All loyal souls obey,
 Join heart and voice, Hurrah !
 God save the Queen !

LXXXVIII.

RULE, BRITANNIA !



WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain :
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves !

The nations, not so blessed as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame ;
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main :
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair :
Blessed isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair .
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves !
J. Thomson.

LXXXIX.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.



Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.


Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow :
 When the fiery fight is heard no more
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. Campbell.

XC.

THE SHAMROCK.


 HROUGH Erin's Isle
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valour wandered,
 With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squandered,
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emeralds seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming,

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, ' See
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning !'
Says Love, ' No no,
For *me* they grow,
My fragrant path adorning '
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, ' Oh ! do not sever
A type, that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit for ever !'

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em ;
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom !

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

T. Moore.

XCI.

YANKEE DOODLE.



YANKEE boy is trim and tall,
 And never over fat, Sir;
 At dance and frolic, hop and ball,
 As nimble as a rat, Sir.
 Yankee doodle guard your coast,
 Yankee doodle dandy,
 Fear not then, nor threat nor boast,
 Yankee doodle dandy.

He's always out on training day,
 Commencement or Election;
 At truck and trade he knows the way
 Of thriving to perfection.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

His door is always open found,
 His cider of the best, Sir,
 His board with pumpkin pie is crowned,
 And welcome every guest, Sir.
 Yankee doodle, &c.


Though rough and little is his farm,
 That little is his own, Sir,
 His heart is strong, his heart is warm,
 'T is truth and honour's throne, Sir.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

His Country is his pride and boast,
 He'll ever prove true blue, Sir,
 When called upon to give his toast,
 'T is Yankee doodle doo, Sir.
 Yankee doodle guard your coast,
 Yankee doodle dandy,
 Fear not then, nor threat nor boast,
 Yankee doodle dandy.

Shickburg.

XCII.

LORD RANDAL.


 WHERE have ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
 O, where have ye been, my handsome young
 man?

'I have been to the wood ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.'

'Where got ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
 Where got ye your dinner, my handsome young man?'
 'I dined with my love ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.'

'What got ye to dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
 What got ye to dinner, my handsome young man?'
 'I got eels boiled in broth ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.'


'And where are your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my
 son?
 And where are your bloodhounds, my handsome young
 man?'
 'O, they swelled and they died ; mother, make my bed
 soon,
 For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.'

'O, I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son !
 O, I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man !'
 'O, yes, I am poisoned ! mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down.'

Old Ballad.

XCIII.

SONNET.

HE World is too much with us ; late and soon
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;


We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I 'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less foilorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

W. Wordsworth.

XCIV.

ADDRESS TO SABRINA.

(FROM 'COMUS')

ABRINA fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
 Listen, for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save !
 Listen and appear to us
 In the name of great Oceanus,

By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys'¹ grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus'² wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's³ hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis'⁴ tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's⁵ dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's⁶ golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft-alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance,
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle-in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have :
 Listen and save !

J. Milton.

XCV.

REPLY OF SABRINA.

(FROM 'COMUS')



Y the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
 Of turkois blue and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays.

¹ *Tethys* Wife of Oceanus

² *Nereus.* Father of the Nereides.

³ *Carpathian wizard.* Proteus

⁴ *Triton Glaucus Leucothea and 'her son' Palamon. Thetis.* All sea deities.

⁵ *Parthenope* A Siren buried in Naples.

⁶ *Ligea.* A Siren.

Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread ;
 Gentle swain, at thy request,
 I am here.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Virgin, daughter of Lochrine,
 Sprung from old Anchises' line,
 May thy brimméd waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss,
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills.
 Summer drought or singéd air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud.
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl and the golden ore ;
 May thy lofty head be crowned
 With many a tower and terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

J. Milton.


XCVI.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE III.—*A room in the Palace.*

CELIA and ROSALIND.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK and Lords.

Duke  *ISTRESS*, despatch you with your safest
F. And get you from our court. [haste
Ros. Me, uncle?
Duke F. You, cousin :
 Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors :
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself :
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistress cannot make me a traitor :
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends. [enough]

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter ; there'

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom.
So was I when your highness banished him :
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse :
I was too young that time to value her ;
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smooth-
Her very silence and her patience [ness,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more bight and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips .
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her ; she is banished.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege :
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ;
Prithee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one .
Shall we be sundered ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No : let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us ;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;

The like do you . so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no wiser a name than Jove's own page
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.


W. Shakespeare.

XCVII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE I—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S.  OW, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 'This is no flattery : these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
 Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
 I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their own confines with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along
 Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
 To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
Much markéd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S.

But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;
'Poor dear,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much : ' then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
'T is right : ' quoth he ' thus misery doth part
The flux of company : ' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him ; ' Ay,' quoth Jaques,
' Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S.

Show me the place :

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

W. Shakespeare

XCVIII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE III.—*Before OLIVER's house.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.**Orl.*

HO'S there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
 Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours. your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?*Adam.*

O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives.
 Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son, I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father—
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie
 And you within it: if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off.
 I overheard him and his practices.
 This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do :

Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame

And unregarded age in corners thrown .

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant :

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility ;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed !

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion,

And having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having : it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.

But come thy ways ; we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week ;
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

W. Shakespeare.

XCIX.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I



F Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death ;
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

III

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
Then cease—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.'

VI

Then Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds repose
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,

As Death withdrew his shades from the day :
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

VII

Now joy, Old England, raise !
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,—
 With the gallant good Riou ;—*
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

T. Campbell.

C.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.



HE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

* 'Captain Riou, justly entitled "the gallant and the good" by Lord Nelson when he wrote home his despatches.'


One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent !

Byron.

CI.

A WEST HIGHLANDER.

E stands among the fields of corn,
Beside the reapers and the stooks,
And, through the breezy autumn, looks
Towards the morn.

His watchful eyes are fierce yet soft
As falcon's o'er her harried nest ,
His curving horns and shaggy crest
Are swept aloft.

Slowly the heaped wain drags along ;
The reapers move with even feet ,
Sweet is the breath of morn, and sweet
The gleaner's song.

But not the song of lowland bards,
Nor morning light 'mong autumn leaves,
Nor hoarded wealth of yellow sheaves,
His soul regards.

Where the stag looks across the walls
 That gird the west, and with the dawn
 The plover wakes, and the wild swan
 At midnight calls,—

Beyond the snow of Ben-y-Gloe
 He sees upon the mountain's face,
 The birth-place of his hardy race,
 His own Glencoe.

Anon.

CII

COWPER'S GRAVE.



T is a place where poets crowned may feel the
 heart's decaying ;

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid
 their praying .

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence
 languish :

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave
 her anguish.

O Poets, from a maniac's tongue, was poured the death-
 less singing !

O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was
 clinging !

O Men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths be-
 guiling,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while
 ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming
 tears his story,

How discord on the music fell and darkness on the
 glory,

And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering
 lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-
 hearted,

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God
hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon
him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven
hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to
blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird
could find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick
poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious in-
fluences ;
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its
number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a
slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his
home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses :
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's
ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and
loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of
that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of
providing,
He testified this solemn truth though phrenzy desolated,
—Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created '

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she
 blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
 kisses,—
That turns his fevered eyes around—‘My mother ! where’s
 my mother ?’—
As if such tender words and looks could come from any
 other !—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending
 o’er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love
 she bore him !—
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life’s long fever
 gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes which closed in death
 to save him.

Thus? oh, not *thus* ! no type of earth could image that
 awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round
 him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew ‘*My Saviour ! not*
 deserted !’

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when the cross in
 darkness rested
Upon the Victim’s hidden face no love was manifested ?
What frantic hands outstretched have e’er the atoning
 drops averted ?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one*
 should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate from His own essence
 rather ;
And Adam’s sins *have* swept between the righteous Son
 and Father ;

Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath
shaken—

It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken!'

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of
desolation!

That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar
not hope's fruition,

And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a
vision.

E. B. Browning.

CIII.

VIRTUE.



WEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.


Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

G. Herbert.

CIV.

SONG OF HESPERUS.

UEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep.
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright !


Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close.
 Bless us then with wishéd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver :
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe how short soever ;
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright !

Ben Jonson.

CV.

TO DAFFODILS.

AIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run

But to the even-song !
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.


We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a breath to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

R. Herrick.

CVI.

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

 HERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm.
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed
And recognised it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,
' It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.


The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;
 It cannot help itself in its decay ;
 Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue.
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,
 A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot !
 O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
 Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

W. Wordsworth.

CVII.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

Y mother bore me in the southern wild,
 And I am black, but O my soul is white.
 White as an angel is the English child,
 But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
 And, sitting down before the heat of day,
 She took me on her lap and kisséd me,
 And, pointing to the East, began to say :

‘ Look on the rising sun : there God does live,
 And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
 And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

‘ And we are put on earth a little space,
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love ;
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
 Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

‘ For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
 Saying, “ Come out from the grove, my love and care,
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.” ’


Thus did my mother say, and kisséd me,
And thus I say to little English boy .
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy ;

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee ;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

W. Blake.

CVIII.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Y heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despair ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards .
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;


Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music.—do I wake or sleep ?
J Keats.

CIX.

THE ILLUMINATED CITY.

 HE hills all glowed with a festive light,
For the royal city rejoiced by night :
There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree,
Banners were lifted and streaming free ;

But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy view
The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and true ;
Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal,—
So must thy spirit be taught to feel !

F Hemans.

CX.

A CONTRAST.

HY love thou sentest oft to me,
And still as oft I thrust it back ,
Thy messengers I could not see
In those who every thing did lack,—
The poor, the outcast, and the black.

Pride held his hand before mine eyes,
The world with flattery stuffed mine ears ,
I looked to see a monarch's guise,
Nor dreamed thy love would knock for years,
Poor, naked, fettered, full of tears.

Yet, when I sent my love to thee,
Thou with a smile didst take it in,
And entertain'dst it royally,
Though grimed with earth, with hunger thin,
And leprous with the taint of sin.

Now every day thy love I meet,
As o'er the earth it wanders wide,
With weary step and bleeding feet,
Still knocking at the heart of pride
And offering grace, though still denied.
J. R. Lowell.

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,¹
 O' foggage² green !
 An' bleak December's win's ensuin',
 Baith snell³ and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie⁴ here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,⁵
 Has cost thee monie⁶ a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,⁷
 To thole⁸ the winter's sleety dribble,
 An cranreuch cauld !⁹

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane¹⁰
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,¹¹
 An' leave us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my ee,¹²
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

R. Burns.

¹ Nothing now to build a new one

² Moss

³ Biting

⁴ Snug.

⁵ Stubble

⁶ Many

⁷ Without house or hold.

⁸ Endure.

⁹ Hoar-frost cold.


¹⁰ Not alone

¹¹ Go oft awry

¹² Eye

CXII.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.


BOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 ‘What writest thou?’—The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, ‘The names of those who love the Lord.’
 ‘And is mine one?’ said Abou. ‘Nay, not so,’
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, ‘I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.’

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

CXIII.

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

ITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo
 hath appeared
 Before them all in the Palace hall, the lying
 King* to beard;

* The king Alonzo, or Alphonso, of Spain, had promised to Bernardo his father’s liberation, but the son received only his father’s corpse, which had been arrayed in armour and set on horseback.

With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend
guise,
But ever and anon he frowned and flame broke from his
eyes.

‘A curse upon thee,’ cries the King, ‘who com’st unbid to
me;
But what from traitor’s blood should spring, save traitors
like to thee?
His sire, Lords, had a traitor’s heart; perchance our
Champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho’s
grave.’

‘Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,’
Cries Bernard, ‘Here my gage I fling before THE LIAR’S
feet!’
No treason was in Sancho’s blood, no stain in mine doth
lie—
Below the throne what knight will own the coward
calumny?

‘The blood that I like water shed, when Roland* did
advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of
France,—
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for
it all.

‘Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the
faulchion shine,
That soon had drank your royal blood, had I not ven-
tured mine;

* The tradition is, that Roland, or Orlando, the celebrated peer of Charle-
magne, fell by the hand of Bernardo in the battle of Roncesvalles.

But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thanked the son for life and crown by the
father's bloody fate.

'Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
But, curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er
did see ;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base
decree,
And visage blind, and stiffened limb, were all they gave
to me.

'The King that swerveth from his word hath stained his
purple black,
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a Liar's
back ;
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll
show—
The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his
foe.'

'Seize—seize him !'—loud the King doth scream—'There
are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream—What ! caitiffs, do
ye fear ?
Seize—seize the traitor !'—But not one to move a finger
dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he
bareth.

He drew the faulchion from the sheath, and held it up on
high,
And all the hall was still as death . cried Bernard, ' Here
am I,
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven
and me ;
Fain would I know who dares its point—King, Condé, or
Grandee !'

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his
cloak)—
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring
they broke ;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the
circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king
to quake.

'Ha ' Bernard,' quoth Alphonso, ' what means this warlike
guise ?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize '—
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and smiling passed
away—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that
day.*

J. G. Lockhart.

CXIV.

THE DAFFODILS.



WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

* Bernardo joined the Moors,

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee .
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.


For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills
 And dances with the daffodils.

W. Wordsworth.

CXV.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

‘ PARADISE LOST.’ BOOK III.

AIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
 Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproachéd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the Sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
 In that obscure sojourn, while, in my flight,

Through utter and through middle darkness¹ borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphéan² lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare . thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp : but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
 So thick a drop serene³ hath quenched their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,⁴
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks⁵ beneath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
 Those other two, equalled with me in fate
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris,⁶ and blind Mæonides,⁷
 And Tiresias, and Phineus,⁸ prophets old .
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,

¹ *Utter darkness*, Hell ; *middle darkness*, Chaos

² Orpheus visited the infernal regions to regain his wife Eurydice

³ *Drop serene*—Gutta Serena

⁴ 'Almost all the mountains, grotts, and wells from which the Muses have derived their appellations are in Macedonia, Thessaly, or Beotia (*Aonia*) Such are Pimpla, Pindus, Helicon, Hippocrene, Aganippe, Leibethron, Parnassus, Castalia, and the Corycian cave'

⁵ *Flowery brooks*,—Kedron and Siloam

⁶ *Thamyris*, a Thracian poet.

⁷ *Mæonides*, Homer, son of Mæon, or born in Mæonia.

⁸ *Tiresias*, a Theban, *Phineus*, king of Thrace or Bithynia, both blind poets and prophets.

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.


J. Milton.

CXVI.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

(FROM 'RICHARD III' ACT I. SC V)

DUKE OF CLARENCE *and* SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant*
of the Tower

Brak.  HY looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have passed a miserable
 night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days :
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you
 tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,*

* The Duchess of Burgundy was the sister of Clarence, Gloucester, and Edward IV. Her court was, therefore, the natural resort of the Yorkist party

And, in my company, my brother Gloucester,
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloucester stumbled ; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, Lord, methought what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of waters in my ears !

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;

A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes,

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air ;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life.
 O then began the tempest to my soul.
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
 And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
 A shadow† like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,
 'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury;
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howléd in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I, trembling, waked; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah Brakenbury, I have done those things
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
 I pray thee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

W. Shakespeare.

CXVII.

STARS.



HEY glide upon their endless way,
 For ever calm, for ever bright;
 No blind hurry, no delay,
 Mark the Daughters of the Night:
 They follow in the track of Day,
 In divine delight.

* The king-maker.

† Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI.

Shine on, sweet orbed Souls for aye,
For ever calm, for ever bright :
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light
Be—still a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night.

B. Cornwall.

CXVIII.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.



H, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a Lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a fairy's child ;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long ;
For sideways would she lean and sing
A fairy song

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew ;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gazed and sighéd deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes,
So kissed to sleep.

And there we slumbered on the moss,
And there I dreamed, ah, woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill-side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
Who cried 'La belle Dame sans mercy
Hath thee in thrall ' '

I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill-side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

J. Keats.

CXIX.

LIFE AND DEATH.



HAT is Life, Father ?'

' A Battle, my child,

Where the strongest lance may fail,

Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,

And the stoutest heart may quail.

Where the foes are gathered on every hand

And rest not day or night,

And the feeble little ones must stand

In the thickest of the fight.'

' What is Death, Father !'

' The rest, my child,

When the strife and the toil are o'er ;

The Angel of God, who, calm and mild,

Says we need fight no more ,

Who, driving away the demon band,

Bids the din of the battle cease ;

Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,

And proclaims an eternal Peace.

' Let me die, Father ! I tremble, and fear

To yield in that terrible strife !'

' The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,

In the battle field of life .

My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,

He loveth the weak and small ;


The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,

And God is over all.'

A. A. Procter.

CXX.

AMBITION.


 AN is permitted much
 To scan and learn
 In Nature's frame ;
 Till he well-nigh can tame
 Brute mischiefs, and can touch
 Invisible things, and turn
 All warring ills to purposes of good
 Thus as a god below,
 He can control,
 And harmonize what seems amiss to flow
 As severed from the whole
 And dimly understood.

But o'er the elements
 One Hand alone,
 One Hand has sway.
 What influence day by day
 In straiter belts prevents
 The impious Ocean, thrown
 Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore ?
 Or who has eye to trace
 How the Plague came ?
 Forerun the doublings of the Tempest's race
 Or the Air's weight and flame
 On a set scale explore ?


Thus God has willed
 That man, when fully skilled,
 Still gropes in twilight dim ;
 Encompassed all his hours
 By fearfullest powers
 Inflexible to him ;

That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And e'en for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the Keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come.

J. H. Newman.

CXXI.

THE CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

 HE infant lies in blessed ease
Upon his mother's breast ;
No storm, no dark, the baby sees
Grow in his heaven of rest.
His moon and stars, his mother's eyes ;
His air, his mother's breath ;
His earth her lap—and there he lies,
Fearless of growth and death.

And yet the winds that wander there
Are full of sighs and fears ;
The dew slow-falling through that air—
It is the dew of tears.
Her smile would win no smile again,
If the baby saw the things
That rise and ache across her brain,
The while she sweetly sings

Alas, my child ! Thy heavenly home
Hath sorrows not a few !
Lo ! clouds and vapours build its dome,
Instead of starry blue.
Thy faith in us is faith in vain—
We are not what we seem.
O dreary day, O cruel pain,
That wakes thee from thy dream !

Dream on, my babe, and have no care ;
 Half-knowledge brings the grief :
 Thou art as safe as if we were
 As good as thy belief.
 There is a better heaven than this
 On which thou gazest now ;
 A truer love than in that kiss ;
 A peace beyond that brow.

We all are babes upon His breast
 Who is our Father dear ;
 No storm invades that heaven of rest ;
 No dark, no doubt, no fear.
 Its mists are clouds of stars, inwove
 In motions without strife ;
 Its winds, the goings of His love ,
 Its dew, the dew of life.

We lift our hearts unto Thy heart
 Our eyes unto Thine eye ,
 In whose great light the clouds depart
 From off our children's sky.
 Thou lovest—and our babes are blest,
 Poor though our love may be ;
 Thou in Thyself art all at rest
 And we and they in Thee.

G. Mac Donald.

CXXII.

‘ON THE LATE MASSACRE* IN PIEDMONT.’



VENGE, oh Lord, thy slaughtered Saints, whose
 bones

Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,


* *The late Massacre.* Organised by the Duke of Savoy in 1655. Those who escaped fled to the mountains of Piedmont and applied to Cromwell for relief.

Forget not : in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learned Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

J. Milton

CXXIII.

TO THE DAISY.

RIGHT Flower ! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And, all the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow,
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough !

Is it that Man is soon deprest ?
A thoughtless Thing ! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,
And Thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season ?


Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing ;

Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

W. Wordsworth.

CXXIV.

TO A DECEASED SISTER.


 THINK of thee, my sister,
 In my sad and lonely hours,
 And the thought of thee comes o'er me
 Like the breath of morning flowers.
 Like music that enchants the ear,
 Like sights that bless the eye,
 Like the verdure of the meadow,—
 The azure of the sky,—
 Like rainbow in the evening,
 Like blossom on the tree,
 Is the thought of thee, dear Charlotte.—
 Is the tender thought of thee.

I think on thee, my sister,
 I think on thee at even,
 When I see the first and fairest star
 Steal peaceful out of heaven.
 I hear thy sweet and touching voice
 In each soft breeze that blows,
 Whether it waft red autumn leaf,
 Or fan the summer rose.
 'Mid the waste of yon lone heath,
 By this desert moaning sea,
 I mourn for thee, my Charlotte,
 And shall ever mourn for thee.

J. Moultrie.

CXXV.

THE BROOK.

ERE, by this brook, we parted, I to the East
 And he for Italy—too late—too late :
 One whom the strong sons of the world despise ;
 For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
 And mellow metres more than cent for cent ;
 Nor could he understand how money breeds,
 Thought it a dead thing ; yet himself could make
 The thing that is not as the thing that is.
 O had he lived ! In our schoolbooks we say,
 Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
 They flourished then or then ; but life in him
 Could scarce be said to flourish, only touched
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
 And nothing perfect · yet the brook he loved,
 For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
 Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air,
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
 To me that loved him ; for “ O brook,” he says,
 “ O babbling brook,” says Edmund in his rhyme,
 “ Whence come you ? ” and the brook, why not ? replies

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town
 And half a hundred bridges

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever

‘ Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy ; there the river , and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I flet
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

‘ But Philip chattered more than brook or bird ;
Old Philip ; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as-I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

' O darling Katie Willows, his one child '
A maiden of our century, yet most meek ;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse ;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand ;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

' Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
James Willows, of one name and heart with her
For here I came, twenty years back—the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund ; crost
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
And pushed at Philip's garden-gate The gate,
Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
Stuck, and he clamoured from a casement, ' run
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
' Run, Katie ! ' Katie never ran : she moved
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
A little fluttered, with her eyelids down,
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

' What was it ? less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie ; not illiterate ; nor of those
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouthed philanthropes,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

'She told me. She and James had quarrelled.
Why?

What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
James had no cause. but when I priest the cause,
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
Which angered her. Who angered James? I said.
But Katie snatched her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard's pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaimed, in flushing silence, till I asked
If James were coming. 'Coming every day'
She answered 'ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
And James departed vexed with him and her'
How could I help her? 'Would I—was it wrong?'
(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
'O would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!'
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffered for your sake!
For in I went, and called old Philip out
To show the farm; full willingly he rose.
He led me through the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his dogs, his hogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts.
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,

And naming those, his friends, for whom they were .
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said .
'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
And there he told a long long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wished,
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price, and what the price he asked,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ,
He gave them line . and five days after that
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offered something more,
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ,
He knew the man , the colt would fetch its price ;
He gave them line : and how by chance at last
(It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
And there he mellowed all his heart with ale,
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

'Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,
And ran through all the coltish chronicle,
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still ; and so
We turned our foreheads from the falling sun,
And following our own shadows thrice as long

As when they followed us from Philip's door,
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ,
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In biambly wildernesses ,
 I linger by my shingly bars ,
 I loiter round my cresses ,

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the humming river,
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

Yes, men may come and go ; and these are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
 Of Brunelleschi ; sleeps in peace . and he,
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb :
 I scraped the lichen from it : Katie walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
 And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone.

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a style
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind

Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
A tansured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings ;
And he looked up. There stood a maiden near,
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within :
Then, wondering, asked her 'Are you from the farm ?'
'Yes' answered she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon me;
What do they call you?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.
What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my
name.'

'Indeed!' and here he looked so self-perplexed,
That Katie laughed, and laughing blushed, till he
Laughed also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her; 'Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago.'

'Have you not heard?' said Katie, 'we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the days
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field :
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in !'

A. Tennyson.

CXXVI.

THE SOUTH-SEA ISLES.



H many are the beauteous isles
 Unknown to human eye,
 That, sleeping 'mid the Ocean-smiles,
 In happy silence lie.
 The Ship may pass them in the night,
 Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
 Is resting on the Main ;
 Some wandering Ship who hath lost her way,
 And never, or by night or day,
 Shall pass these isles again.
 There groves, that bloom in endless spring,
 Are rustling to the radiant wing
 Of birds in various plumage, bright
 As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.
 Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair,
 Float ever on the fragrant air
 Like showers of vernal snow ;
 And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
 The richly ripened clusters fall
 Oft as sea-breezes blow.
 The sun and clouds alone possess
 The joy of all that loveliness ;
 And sweetly to each other smile
 The live-long day—sun, cloud and isle.
 How silent lies each sheltered bay !
 No other visitors have they
 To their shores of silvery sand,
 Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,
 All hurrying in a joyful band
 Come dancing from the sea.

J. Wilson.

CXXVII.

A SERENADE.



LULLABY, oh, lullaby !'
 Thus I heard a father cry,
 ' Lullaby, oh, lullaby !'

The brat will never shut an eye ;
 Hither come, some power divine !
 Close his lids, or open mine !'

' Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 What on earth can make him cry ?
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Still he stares—I wonder why,
 Why are not the sons of earth
 Blind, like puppies, from the birth ?'

' Lullaby, oh, lullaby !'
 Thus I heard the father cry ,
 ' Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Mary, you must come and try !—
 Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
 The more I sing, the more you wake !'

' Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Fie, you little creature, fie !'
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Is no poppy-syrup nigh ?
 Give him some, or give him all,
 I am nodding to his fall !'

' Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Two such nights, and I shall die !
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 He'll be bruised, and so shall I,—
 How can I from bedposts keep,
 When I'm walking in my sleep ?'

‘Lullaby, oh, lullaby
 Sleep his very looks deny—
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby ;
 Nature soon will stupify—
 My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dun—
 Who’s that fallen—me or him?’

T. Hood.

CXXVIII.

THE CUMBERLAND.



T anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
 On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war ;
 And at times from the fortress across the bay
 The alarm of drums swept past,
 Or a bugle blast
 From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
 A little feather of snow-white smoke,
 And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
 Was steadily steering its course
 To try the force
 Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
 Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death,
 With fiery breath,
 From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
 Defiance back in a full broadside !
 As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
 Rebounds our heavier hail
 From each iron scale
 Of the monster’s hide.

'Strike your flag' the rebel cries,
 In his arrogant old plantation strain.
 'Never!' our gallant Morris replies;
 'It is better to sink than to yield'
 And the whole air pealed
 With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
 Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
 With a sudden shudder of death,
 And the cannon's breath
 For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
 Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.
 Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
 Every waft of the air
 Was a whisper of prayer,
 Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
 Ye are at peace in the troubled stream,
 Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
 Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
 Shall be one again
 And without a seam! *H. W. Longfellow.*

CXXIX.

KINDRED HEARTS.



H, ask not, hope not, thou too much
 Of sympathy below:
 Few are the hearts whence one same touch
 Bids the sweet fountains flow;—
 Few: and by still conflicting powers
 Forbidden here to meet.
 Such ties would make this life of ours
 Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be, that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns.
It may be, that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring,
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune, that speaks of other times,—
A sorrowful delight,—
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night,
The wind, that with so many a tone
Some chord within can thrill,
These may have language all thine own,
To *him* a mystery still.


Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years ;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears.
If there be one, that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched through sickness by thy bed,
Call *his* a kindred heart.

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,—
Oh, lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them into heaven.

F. Hemans.

CXXX.


WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
 The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing
 And Winter slumbeiring in the open air,
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring !
 And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.
 Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
 Bloom, O ye amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may,
 For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams away !
 With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
 Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
 And hope without an object cannot live.

S. T. Coleridge.

CXXXI.

THE PRODIGAL.


O heroism and holiness
 How hard it is for man to soar,
 But how much harder to be less
 Than what his mistress loves him for !
 There is no man so full of pride,
 And none so intimate with shame,
 And none to manhood so denied,
 As not to mend if women blame.
 He does with ease what do he must,
 Or merit this, and nought's debarred
 From man, when woman shall be just
 In yielding her desired regard.

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
 On her sweet self set her own price
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
 How has she cheapened Paradise ;
 How given for nought her priceless gift,
 How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men and men divine.
C. Patmore.


~XXXII.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

FROM 'PARADISE LOST,' BOOK IV

OW came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale .
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires . Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
J. Milton.

CXXXIII.

OME murmur, when their sky is clear
 And wholly bright to view,
 If one small speck of dark appear
 In their great heaven of blue ;
 And some with thankful love are filled,
 If but one streak of light,
 One ray of God's good mercy, gild
 The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied :
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid,
Love that not ever seems to tire,
Some rich provision made.

R. C. Trench.

CXXXIV.

THE EVENING BRINGS US HOME.



PON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold ;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks ;
But evening brings us home

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints,—oh, rest is sweet,
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming,—when the light departs
At evening bring us home.


The darkness gathers. Thro' the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are.
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken,
 O thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
 In the waste night,—our tardy footsteps quicken,
 At evening bring us home.

Anon.

CXXXV.

TO A SKY-LARK.


THEREAL minstrel ' pilgrim of the sky '
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

W. Wordsworth.

CXXXVI

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

T'S hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree '
 When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on
 the tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree;
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a',
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countree.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree.

There's naught now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave ;
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my ee ;
' I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.'
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

A. Cunningham

CXXXVII.

'BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.'



H, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.


And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny,—
 Though with a pierced and broken heart,
 And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day
 And numbered every secret tear,
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.

CXXXVIII.

 T fortifies my soul to know
 That, though I perish, Truth is so :
 That, howsoc'er I stray and range,
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
 I steadier step when I recall
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

A. H. Clough.

CXXXIX.

L'ALLEGRO.¹

ENCE, loathéd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !
 Find out some uncouth cell
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings ;
 There under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian² desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,³
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;

* * *

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips⁴ and Cranks,⁵ and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathéd Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's⁶ cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;

¹ *L'Allegro* The Cheerful Man

² *Cimmerian*, 'the Cimmerii, in Homer, a people of the west, dwelling in a country of cloud and gloom'

³ *Euphrosyne* Cheerfulness, one of the Graces

⁴ *Quips*, repartees

⁵ *Cranks*, cross-purposes.

⁶ *Hebe*, the goddess of youth.

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreprieved¹ pleasures free,
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine²
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-doo!,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale³
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:

¹ *Unreproved*, for unreprouvable, innocent.

² *Twisted eglantine*, the honeysuckle.

³ *Tells his tale*, counts his flock.

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
 The Cynosure¹ of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis,² met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks³ sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequered shade.
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sun-shine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail :
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat ;
 She was pinched, and pulled, she said ;
 And he, by Friar's Lantern⁴ led ,

¹ *Cynosure*, the Pole Star.

² *Corydon*, *Thyrsis*, *Phyllis*, and *Thestylis*, are 'shepherd names from the old Idylls.' ³ *Rebecks*, fiddles. ⁴ *Friar's lantern*, Will o' the Wisp.

Tells how the drudging Goblin¹ sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep
 Towered cities please us then
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe,² with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry ;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream
 Then, to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock³ be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,⁴

¹ *Drudging Goblin*, Robin Goodfellow

² *Saffron robe* Saffron was the traditional colour of the robes of the God of Marriage 'The Roman marriage veil was yellow or flame-coloured'

³ *Sock* Soccus, the slipper worn by a comedian.

⁴ *Lydian airs* 'A light and festive style of ancient music.'


Married to immortal verse ;
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber, on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth,* with thee I mean to live.

J. Milton.

CXL.

CORONACH.†


 HE is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font, reappearing,
 From the raindrops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.

* *Mirth* or *Gaiety* is the Child of Nature

† A Highland dirge


The autumn winds rushing,
 Waft the leaves that are seerest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,¹
 Sage counsel in cumber,²
 Red hand in the foray,³
 How sound is thy slumber !
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

W. Scott

CXLI.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO ⁴

 HERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and, when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

¹ Or *corri*, 'the hollow side of the hill where game usually lies ' this word gives name to many places in Scotland

² *Cumber*, trouble

³ *Foray* (forage), 'a Highland plundering expedition, on the Borders, where horses were used, the word was *Raid* (ride)'

⁴ On the evening of the 15th (June 1815), Wellington, having received intelligence of the advance of the French, and ordered the concentration of troops on Quatre Bras, 'dressed and went to a ball at the Duchess of Richmond's, where his manner was so undisturbed, that no one discovered that any intelligence of importance had arrived, many brave men were there assembled, amidst the scenes of festivity, and surrounded by the smiles of beauty, who were, ere long, locked in the arms of death'—*Alison*, ch. xciii
 Ed 1848

Did ye not hear it?—no ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's* fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rushed into the field, and foremost, fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings ; such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war :

* 'The son of the Duke of Brunswick, the leader of the allied armies in the invasion of France in 1792, who died of his wounds, and of grief, after the Battle of Jena The young duke was slain at Quatre Bras, June 16'

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe ! They come !
 they come !'

And wild and high the 'Camerons' Gathering' rose !
 The war-note of Lochiel,* which Albyn's † hills
 Have heard , and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But, with the breath that fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
 ears !

And Ardennes ‡ waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low

Last noon—beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve—in beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight—brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn—the marshalling in arms,—the day—

* The chief of the clan Cameron

† *Albyn*, the Gaelic name of Scotland

‡ 'The forest of Ardennes lay in the country around the Meuse, the appellation is here applied to that of Soignies, between Brussels and Waterloo.

Battle's magnificently-stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent !

Byron.

CXLII.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.



AUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged Nurse ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore ;
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flattering Foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed,
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend,
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,
 (As by the impious thou art seen,)
 With thundering voice and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty ;

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man
T. Gray

CXLIII.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.



STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
 Though thou the vale disdain,
 Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
 The wonders of the lane.

High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is rolled
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling¹ spreads his wing
Where dewy daisies gleam,
And here the sunflower of the spring²
Burns bright in morning's beam
To mountain winds the famished fox
Complains that Sol is slow
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake ;
And here the fire-tuft³ hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.
O then, while hums the earliest bee,
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane.

For oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,⁴
And wakes the earliest bee.
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure,
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature.
A world not scorned by Him who made
Ev'n weakness by His might ;
But solemn in his depth of shade
And splendid in his light.

¹ *Titling*, hedge sparrow

² *Sunflower of the spring*, dandelion.

³ *Fire tuft*, golden-crested wren

⁴ *Clock*, beetle?

Light ! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely-teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read :
Oh no ! thou art a wondrous book
To sky, and sea, and land,
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand.
And here, O Light ! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.

Yon drop fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood ;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide,
And that, Niágara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
The blind foam of its might ?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still ?
'Tis mute as death ! but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.

What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone !
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone !
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom-high.
O God of marvels ! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these gray stones unseen may dwell ;
What nations with their kings !

I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
 While fate perchance o'erwhelms
 Empires on this subverted stone—
 A hundred ruined realms.

Lo ! in that dot some mite like me,
 Impelled by woe or whim,
 May crawl some atom-cliffs to see,—
 A tiny world to him.
 Lo ! while he pauses and admires
 The works of Nature's might,
 Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
 And all to him is night.

O God of terrors ! what are we ?
 Poor insects sparked with thought.
 Thy whisper, Lord ;—a word from thee--
 Could smite us into nought.
 But shouldst thou wreck our fatherland
 And mix it with the deep,
 Safe in the hollow of thy hand
 Thy little ones would sleep.

E. Elliott.

CXLIV.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.



PATRIOTS have toiled, and in their country's cause,
 Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,
 Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
 Their names to the sweet lyre The historic Muse,
 Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
 To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,
 Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
 To guard them, and to immortalize her trust :
 But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,


To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,
Till Persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song :
And History, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
The tyranny, that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—'My father made them all.'

W. Cowper.

CXLV.

HOLY THURSDAY.

 WAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces
 clean,
 Came children walking two and two, in red, and
 blue, and green :
 Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white
 as snow,
 Till into the high dome of Paul's, they like Thames' waters
 flow.

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London
 town,
 Seated in companies they were, with radiance all their
 own :
 The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of
 lambs,
 Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent
 hands

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice
 of song,
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven
 among :
 Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the
 poor,
 Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your
 door.

W. Blake.

CXLVI.

THE MILK-MAID O' THE FARM.

(IN THE DORSET DIALECT)



BE the milk-maid o' the farm :
 I be so happy out in groun',
 Wi' my white milk-pail in my earm,
 As if I wore a goolden crown.

An' I don't zit up ha'f the night,
 Nor he vor ha'f the day a-bed :
 An' that's how 'tis my eyes be bright,
 An' why my cheeks be always red.

In zummer mornèns, when the lark
 Do rouse the early lad an' lass
 To work, I be the vu'st¹ to mark
 My steps upon the dewy grass.

An' in the evenèn, when the zun
 Do sheen² upon the western bows
 O' hills, where bubblèn brooks do run
 There I do zing an' milk my cows

An' ev'ry cow do stan' wi' I,³
 An' never move, nor kick my pail,
 Nor bleare⁴ at tother cows, nor try
 To hook, or switch me wi' her tail.

Noo⁵ leady, wi' her muff an' vail
 Do wa'k⁶ wi' sich a steately tread
 As I do wi' my milkèn-pail,
 A-balanced up upon my head.

¹ First⁴ Nor low² Shine.⁵ No.³ Does stand with me⁶ Walk

An' I at mornen an' at night
Do skim the yaller cream, an' mould
An' press my cheeses, red an' white,
An' zee the butter vetch'd an' rolled


An' Tommas shan't be called the wo'st
Young man alive, vor he do try
To milk roun' all his own cows vu'st,
An' then to come an' milk vor I.

I be the milk-maid o' the farm :
I be so happy out in groun',
Wi' my white milk-pail in my eerm
As if I wore a goolden crown.

W Barnes.

CXLVII.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

HE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he ;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.

O it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left ahin',
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

My lanely hearth burned bonnie,
An' smiled my ain Marie ;
I've left a' my heart behin'
In my ain countree.


The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee ;
But I'll win back—O never,
To my ain countree.

O I am leal to high Heaven,
 Where soon I hope to be,
 An' there I'll meet ye a' soon
 Frae my ain countree !

A Cunningham.

CXLVIII.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

 HERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin :
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight re-
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill. [pairing
 But the daystar attracted his eyes' sad devotion ;
 For it rose o'er his own native Isle of the Ocean :
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh*.*

' Sad is my fate ' : said the heart-broken stranger.
 ' The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee .
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger ;
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 Or strike to the numbers of *Erin go bragh*.

' Erin, my country ; though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore :
 But alas, in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
 Oh, cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no troubles can chase me ?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

* *Erin go bragh*, Ireland for ever

'Where is my cabin-door, fast to the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all?
 Oh my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears, like the raindrop, may fall without measure;
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

'Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing:
 Land of my forefathers! *Erin go bragh!*
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the Ocean:
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
*Erin mavournin! * Erin go bragh!*

T. Campbell.

CXLIX.

THE PASSIONS

(AN ODE FOR MUSIC)



HEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed beyond the Muse's painting
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined,—
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound;

* *Erin mavournin!* Ireland my darling

And, as they oft had heard, apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful heart,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed · his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled :
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail :
Still would her touch the scene prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song ;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope, enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
hair ;—

And longer had she sung —but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat .
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien, [his head.
While each strained ball of sight seemed brusting from

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known !
The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green.

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.


O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared !
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page ;—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,

E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound :—
O bid our vain endeavours cease :
Revive the just designs of Greece :
Return in all thy simple state !
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

W. Collins.

CL.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

OUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun :
On each side, like pennons wide
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land wind failed.

Alas ! the land wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night :
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;

'Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,'
He said, 'by water as by land !'

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock :
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward, through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main ;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

H. W. Longfellow.

CLI.

AUTUMN.



SAW old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless, like Silence listening
To Silence ;—for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn :—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the Sun,
 Oping the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
 And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away
 On panting wings through the inclement skies,
 Lest owls should prey,
 Undazzled at noonday,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the west,
 Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
 Like fearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers
 To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
 The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
On the mossed elm . three on the naked lime
 Trembling, and one upon the old oak tree.
Where is the Dryad's immortality?
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through
 In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
 The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain,
 And honey-bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells .
 The swallows all have winged across the main
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells
And sighs her tearful spells
 Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
 Alone, alone,
 Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone
 With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
 Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,

Like a dim picture of the drownéd past
 In the hushed mind's mysterious far-away,
 Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
 Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
 Under the languid downfall of her hair,
 She wears a coronal of flowers faded
 Upon her forehead,—and a face of care
 There is enough of withered everywhere
 To make her bower,—and enough of gloom ;
 There is enough of sadness to invite,
 If only for the rose that died, whose doom
 Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom
 Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light.
 There is enough of sorrowing ; and quite
 Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,
 Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl,
 Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
 To frame her cloudy prison for the soul.

T. Hood.

CLII.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.




THE poetry of earth is never dead .
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
 That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills
J. Keats.

CLIII.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

 AINT Augustine ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end .
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess,

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth,

All thought of ill—all evil deeds
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will,

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of Fair Renown
The right of eminent domain !

We have no wings,—we cannot soar,—
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees,—by more and more,—
 The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
 When nearer seen, and better known,
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
 Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
 Are crossed by pathways, that appear
 As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upwards in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
 We may discern, unseen before,
 A path to higher destinies

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
 If rising on its wrecks, at last,
 To something nobler we attain.

H. W. Longfellow

CLIV.

TO A CHILD IN SICKNESS.



SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
 My little patient boy ;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smoothes off the day's annoy.

I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways ;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid ,
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now ;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow :
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new ;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too ;
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say—'he has departed'—
'His voice—his face—'tis gone !'
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on !
.

Ah, I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep ensure
 That it will not be so.


Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping !
 This silence, too, the while—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seems whispering as a smile.
 Something divine and dim
 Seems going by mine ear,
 Like parting wings of Seraphim,
 Who say, 'We've finished here

Leigh Hunt.

CLV.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

(FROM 'PARADISE LOST' BOOK V)

HESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing : ye, in Heaven ;
 On Earth, join, all ye Creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of Stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandering Fires,* that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run †
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's Great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls . ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

* Ancient and mediæval astronomy reckoned the sun and moon among the planets. The 'five other wandering fires' are Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

† 'The mingling and interchange of the four elements, air, earth, fire, and water, producing successive alterations in the condition and constitution of the universe, was a doctrine of ancient philosophy.'

To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, Universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !


J. Milton.

CLVI.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II SCENE VI — *The Forest*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

Adam: EAR master, I can go no further : O, I die
 for food ! Here lie I down, and measure
 out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ?
 Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If
 this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be
 food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is
 nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfort-
 able ; * hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will here be
 with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to
 eat I will give thee leave to die . but if thou diest before
 I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said !
 thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet
 thou liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear thee to some
 shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if
 there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII — *The Forest.*

A Table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like Outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast ;
 For I can no where find him like a man.

* *Be comfortable*, that is, take comfort.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence :
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact* of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him . tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company ?
What, you look merrily !

Jaq. A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ; a miserable world !
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
' Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. ' No, sir,' quoth he,
' Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune :
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, ' It is ten o'clock :
Thus we may see,' quoth he, ' how the world wags :
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

*

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* *Compact*: compacted, composed.

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress ;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touched my vein at first . the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture But forbear, I say .
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must
die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food ; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you :
I thought that all things had been savage here ;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knolled to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take, upon command, what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love : till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be blest for your good comfort !
[*Exit.*]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need :
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

W. Shakespeare.


CLVII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT IV. SCENE III — *The Forest*

ROSALIND, *dressed like a boy* CELIA

Enter OLIVER

Oli. OOD morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you know,
 Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
 A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom :
 The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
 Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;
 There's none within.

Oli If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;
Such garments and such years : ' The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister . the woman low
And browner than her brother ' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?

Ros. I am : what must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stained.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself :
Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back . about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush . under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead .

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando : did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so ;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was't you he rescued ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I . I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place :—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,

To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Ganymede !

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth . you a man ! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited ! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho !

Oli. This was not counterfeit : there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do . but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler : pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.


Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something : but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go ?

W. Shakespeare.

CLVIII.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

T was when from Spain across the main the Cid *
 had come to Rome,
 He chanced to see chairs four and three beneath
 Saint Peter's dome.

'Now tell, I pray, what chairs be they?'—'Seven kings
 do sit thereon,
 As well doth suit, all at the foot of the holy Father's
 throne.

'The Pope he sitteth above them all, that they may kiss
 his toe,
 Below the keys the Flower-de-lys doth make a gallant
 show ;
 For his great puissance, the King of France, next to the
 Pope may sit,
 The rest more low, all in a row, as doth their station
 fit'—

'Ha !' quoth the Cid, 'now God forbid ! it is a shame, I
 wiss,
 To see the Castle† planted beneath the Flower-de-lys ‡
 No harm, I hope, good Father Pope—although I move
 thy chair.'—
 In pieces small he kicked it all ('twas of the ivory fair).

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,
 And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day ;

* 'Roderigo or Ruy Diaz de Bivar, the Cid Campeador (*noble champion*),
 the most celebrated personage of the romances of Hispano-Moorish warfare,
 was born at Burgos in 1025 Cid is the Arab *Said*, noble'

† The arms of Castille.

‡ The arms of France.

Above them all he planted it, and laughed right bitterly ;
Looks sour and bad, I trow he had, as grim as grim
might be.

Now when the Pope was aware of this, he was an angry
man,
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounced the
awful ban ;
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's
head—
To hell and woe man's soul must go, if once that curse be
laid.

I wot, when the Cid was aware of this, a woeful man
was he,
At dawn of day he came to pray, at the blessed Father's
knee :
' Absolve, blessed Father, have pity upon me,
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will dree.'

' Who is the sinner,' quoth the Pope, ' that at my foot
doth kneel ?'

—' I am Rodrigo Diaz—a poor Baron of Castille.'—
Much marvelled all were in the hall, when that name they
heard him say.

—' Rise up, rise up,' the Pope he said, ' I do thy guilt
away ;—

I do thy guilt away,' he said—' and my curse I blot it
out—

God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout ;—
I trow, if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the
Moor.'

T. G. Lockhart.

CLIX.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS
SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ



AM monarch of all I survey ;
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship and Love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage,
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
Lies hid in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell,
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest himself lags behind
And the swift-wingéd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But, alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.


But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

W. Cowper.

CLX.

ADDRESS TO BRITAIN.


(FROM 'SAMOR')

 AND of my birth, O Britain, land beloved,
 Whose tongue my song would speak, most proud
 If not in strains unworthy. Beauteous Isle,
 And plenteous ! what though in thy atmosphere
 Float not the taintless luxury of light,
 The dazzling azure of the southern skies ?
 Around thee the rich orb of thy renown
 Spreads stainless, and unsullied by a cloud.
 Though thy hills blush not with the purple vine,
 And softer climes excel thee in the hue
 And fragrance of thy summer fruits and flowers ;
 Nor flow thy rivers over golden beds ;—
 Thou in the Soul of man, thy better wealth,
 Art richest. Nature's noblest produce, thou—
 The immortal mind in perfect height and strength—
 Bearest with lavish opulence. This thy right,
 Thy privilege of climate and of soil,
 Would I assert ; nor, save thy fame, invoke
 Or Nymph or Muse, that oft 'twas dreamed of old
 By falls of waters under haunted shades
 Her ecstasy of inspiration poured
 O'er Poet's soul, and flooded all his powers
 With liquid glory · so may thy renown
 Burn in my heart, and give to thought and word
 The aspiring and the radiant hue of fire.

H. H. Milman.

CLXI.

ADELGITHA.

 HE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
 And sad, pale Adelgitha came,
 When forth a valiant champion bounded,
 And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger ;
 But when he knelt to claim her glove—
 'Seek not,' she cried, 'oh ! gallant stranger,
 For hapless Adelgitha's love.


'For he is in a foreign far land
 Whose arms should now have set me free ;
 And I must wear the willow garland
 For him that's dead or false to me.'

'Nay ! say not that his faith is tainted !'
 He raised his vizor—at the sight
 She fell into his arms and fainted ;
 It was indeed her own true knight !

T. Campbell.

CLXII.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

 HE melancholy days are come, the saddest of
 the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
 brown and sear.
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
 dead ;
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower * and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such
days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all
the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

* *Wind-flower*, the anemone

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my
side ;
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast
the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief .
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.
W. C. Bryant.

CLXIII.

ONE BY ONE.



NE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going,—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from Heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready be to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee :
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others reach thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
 See how small each moment's pain ;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do, or bear ;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond ;
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
 Reaching Heaven ; but One by One
 Take them, lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. Proctor

CLXIV.

ANNABEL LEE.



T was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of ANNABEL LEE ;
 And this maiden lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea ;
 But we loved with a love that was more than love,
 I and my ANNABEL LEE ;
 With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me ;
Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride.
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

E. A. Poe.

CLXV.

LOVE.



HEY sin who tell us Love can die
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
 Earthly, these passions are of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth.
 But love is indestructible.
 Its holy flame for ever burneth;
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times opprest,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest.
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of Love is there.

R. Southey.

CLXVI.

MOUNTAIN SOLITUDE.

(FROM THE 'LORD OF THE ISLES')



STRANGER! If e'er thy ardent step hath traced
 The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
 Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath
 By lake and cataract, her lonely throne; [placed,
 Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
 Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
 Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
 Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
 And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky.

Yes ! 't was sublime, but sad. The loneliness
 Loaded thy heart ; the desert tired thine eye ;
 And strange and awful fears began to press
 Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.

Then hast thou wished some woodman's cottage nigh,
 Something that showed of life, though low and mean.

Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy.
 Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have been.
 Or children whooping wild beneath the willows green.

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes
 An awful thrill that softens into sighs.

Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes ;
 In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise :
 Or farther, where beneath the northern skies
 Chides wild Loch Eribol his caverns hoar.

But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
 Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
 That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar.

W. Scott.

CLXVII.

ARETHUSA.



ARETHUSA* arose from her couch of snows

In the Akrokeraunian mountains ;—

From cloud and from crag with many a jag

Shepherding her bright fountains.

She leapt down the rocks, with her rainbow-locks

Streaming among the streams .

Her steps paved with green the downward ravine

Which slopes to the western gleams.

And gliding and springing she went ever singing

In murmurs as soft as sleep :

[her,

The Earth seemed to love her, and Heaven smiled above

As she lingered towards the deep.

* *Arethusa*, a nymph of Elis, daughter of Oceanus

Then Alphéus* bold on his glacier cold
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm in the rocks.—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black South wind it concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow :
And earthquake and thunder did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair of the river-god were
Seen through the torrents sweep,
As he followed the light of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

O save me, O guide me, and bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair !—
The loud Ocean heard, to its blue depths stirred,
And divided at her prayer :
And under the water the Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam ;
Behind her descended her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian steam.
Like a gloomy stain on the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,
As an eagle pursuing a dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers where the Ocean powers
Sit on their pearléd thrones,—
Through the coral woods of the weltering floods
Over heaps of unvalued stones,—
Through the dim beams which amid the streams
Weave a network of coloured light,—
And under the caves where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night ;—

* *Alpheus*, the river god The Alpheus rises in Arcadia, and, passing through Elis and Achaia, falls into the sea

Outspeeding the shark and the sword-fish dark
 Under the Ocean foam,
 And up through the rifts of the mountain clefts
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains in Enna's mountains
 Down one vale where the morning basks,
 Like friends once parted grown single-hearted
 They ply their watery tasks.
 At sunrise they leap from their cradles steep
 In the cave of the shelving hill :
 At noontide they flow through the woods below
 And the meads of Asphodel .
 And at night they sleep in the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian * shore,
 Like spirits that lie in the azure sky
 When they love, but live no more.


P. B. Shelley.

CLXVIII.


HENRY VIII.

ACT IV. SCENE II —*Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH, her gentleman usher, and PATIENCE, her woman

Grif.  OW does your grace ?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death !

 My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair :
 So ; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead ?

* Arethusa and the Alpheus were said to rise again as a fountain in the island of Ortygia, near Syracuse.

Grif Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepped before me, happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him ;
To whom he gave these words, ' O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! '
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still : and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning : he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;

But his performance, as he is now, nothing :
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet, in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely · ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ,
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in heart, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little ·
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God


Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !

Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

W. Shakespeare.

CLXIX.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.


 HE loppéd tree in time may grow again,
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower ;
 Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow ;
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
 Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in time amend.

R. Southwell.

CLXX.

THE QUIET HOPING HEART.

 HATE'ER my God ordains is right ;
 His will is ever just ;
 Howe'er He orders now my cause,
 I will be still and trust.
 He is my God ;
 Though dark my road,
 He holds me that I shall not fall ;
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
He never will deceive ;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent ;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
He taketh thought for me ;
The cup that my Physician gives
No poisoned draught can be,
But medicine due ;
For God is true ;
And on that changeless truth I build,
And all my heart with hope is filled.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink :
Tears pass away
With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
My Light, my Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good ;
I trust Him utterly ;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
Here will I take my stand

Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
 For me a desert land
 My Father's care
 Is round me there ;
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 And so to Him I leave it all.

C. Winkworth.

(From the German of S. Rodigast, 1675)

CLXXI.

IVRY.



OW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
 glories are !
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry
 of Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh
 pleasant land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
 daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy
 walls annoy.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance
 of war,

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry,* and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of
 day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;

* The Battle of Ivry was fought in the year 1590

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's* stout infantry, and Egmont's† Flemish
spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land ;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand ;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-
purpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood ;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,

To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour
drest,

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;

He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, ' God save our Lord
the King '

' And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,

Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the
ranks of war,

And be your Oriflamme‡ to-day the helmet of Navarre.'

* There were Swiss Catholic mercenaries in the Camp of the League.

† Shortly before the battle Count Egmont had brought considerable reinforcements from the Spanish Low Countries

§ *Oriflamme*—golden flame,—' a red taffeta banner cut into three points, each adorned with a green silk tassel ' It was displayed in the crisis of a battle.

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled
din,

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.*

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the Golden Lilies,—upon them with the lance.

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath
turned his rein.—

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter.—The Flemish count is
slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our
van,

'Remember Saint Bartholomew,' was passed from man
to man.

But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go.'

* *Almayne* Allemayne, Germany; so called from the ancient confederacy of tribes, the Allemanni.

Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the Soldier of
Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for
France to-day ;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a
prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet
white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false
Lorraine.

Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host may
know

How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought
his church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of
Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ;* Ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearsmen's souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright ;

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve,† keep watch and ward
to-night.

The Catholic German powers supported the League.


† *S^t Genevieve*, the patron saint of Paris.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
 raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of
 the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories
 are ;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.
T. B. Macaulay.

CLXXII.

THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES.


(FROM 'THE CURSE OF KEHAMA')

 ONE hath seen its secret fountain ;
 But on the top of Meru mountain,
 Which rises o'er the hills of earth,
 In light and clouds, it hath its mortal birth.
 Earth seems that pinnacle to rear
 Sublime above this worldly sphere,
 Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne,
 And there the new-born river lies
 Outspread beneath its native skies,
 As if it there would love to dwell
 Alone and unapproachable.
 Soon flowing forward, and resigned
 To the will of the Creating Mind,
 It springs at once, with sudden leap,
 Down from the immeasurable steep ;
 From rock to rock, with shivering force rebounding,
 The mighty cataract rushes : heaven around,
 Like thunder, with the incessant roar resounding,
 And Meru's summit shaking with the sound.
 Wide spreads the snowy foam, the sparkling spray
 Dances aloft ; and ever there at morning
 The earliest sunbeams haste to wing their way,
 With rainbow wreaths the holy stream adorning :

And duly the adoring moon at night
Sheds her white glory there,
And in the watery air
Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.
R. Southey.

CLXXIII.

HYMN OF MAIDENS IN BESIEGED
JERUSALEM.

ING of kings and Lord of lords !
Thus we move, our sad steps timing
To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,
Where Thy House its rest accords.

Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to thee ;
To the shadow of thy wings,
Lord of lords and King of kings !

Behold, O Lord, the heathen tread
The branches of thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That drinking of thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No ! by the marvels of thy hand
Thou still wilt save thy chosen land.
By all thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown ;
By the Egyptian's car-borne host
Scattered on the Red-Sea coast ;
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us, in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress,
On the sand and seaweed lying,
Israel poured her doleful sighing.
While *before* the deep sea flowed,
And *behind* fierce Egypt rode,
To their fathers' God they prayed,
To the Lord of Hosts, for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the Prophet stood :
And the summoned East Wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of seagreen marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
Those profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words,—
King of kings and Lord of lords !

Then, with bow and banner glancing.
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out his cloud,
The Lord looked down upon the proud ;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell,
Over horse and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold
The loud thundering billows rolled.
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank, they sank like lead,
Down without a cry or groan :
And the morning sun, that shone
On myriads of bright arméd men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving as of yore,
Against a silent solitary shore.

Then did Israel's maidens sing,
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,
To him, the King of kings ! that in the sea,
The Lord of lords ! had triumphed gloriously

And our timbrels' flashing chords,
King of kings and Lord of lords !
Shall they not attuned be
Once again to victory ?

Lo ! a glorious triumph now :

Lo ! against thy people come
A mightier Pharaoh. Wilt not thou
Craze the chariot-wheels of Rome ?

Will not, like the Red-Sea wave,


Thy stern anger overthrow,
And from worse than bondage save,

From sadder than Egyptian woe,
Those whose silver cymbals glance,
Those who lead the suppliant dance,—
Thy race,—the only race that sings,
Lord of lords and King of kings ?

H. H. Milman.

CLXXIV.


HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

 H, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows—
 Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

R. Browning.

CLXXV.

 AY not, the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. Clough.

CLXXVI.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.



NE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;—
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy,

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,

Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river .
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly

Decently,—kindly,—
 Smooth and compose them ;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest.
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behaviour,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour.

T Hood.

CLXXVII.

HYMN

BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.



AST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
 The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form !
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above

Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity !
O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my Heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale !
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink :
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald : wake, O wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual springs ?

And you, ye five wild torrents* fiercely glad !

* Besides the rivers Arvé and Arveiron, which have their sources at the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides ; and within

Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
 And who commanded (and the silence came),
 Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
 God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
 Ye signs and wonders of the element !
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,

a few paces of the Glaciers, the *Gentiana Major* grows in in mense numbers
 with its 'flowers of loveliest blue'

Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth !
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. Coleridge.

CLXXVIII.

FREE AND UNITED ITALY.

(FROM 'FAZIO.')



ICH and royal Italy,
Dominion's lofty bride !
Earth deemed no loss of pride
To be enslaved by thee.
From broad Euphrates' bank,
When the sun looked through the gloom,
Thy eagle's golden plume
His orient splendour drank.
And when at eve he set
Far in the chambered west,
That bird of brilliance yet
Bathed in his gorgeous rest.

Sad and sunken Italy,
The plunderer's common prey !
When saw the eye of day
So very a slave as thee ?

Long, long a bloody stage
For petty kinglings tame,
Their miserable game
Of puny war to wage.
Or from the northern star
Come haughty despots down,
With iron hand to share
Thy bruised and broken crown

Fair and fervid Italy,
Lady of each gentler art !
Yet couldst thou lead the heart
In mild captivity.
Warm Raphael's Virgin sprung
To worship and to love :
The enamoured air above
Rich clouds of music hung.
Thy poets bold and free
Did noble wrong to time,
In their high-rhymed majesty
Ravishing thy clime.

Loose and languid Italy !
Where now the magic power
That in thy doleful hour
Made a queen of thee ?
The pencil cold and dead,
Whose lightest touch was life ;
The old immortal strife
Of thy high poets fled !
From her inglorious urn
Will Italy arise ?
Will golden days return
'Neath the azure of her skies ?


This is done, oh, this is done,
When the broken land is One.

This shall be, oh, this shall be,
When the slavish land is Free.

H. H. Milman.

CLXXIX.

TO BLOSSOMS.

AIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be,
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read, how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.


R Herrick.

CLXXX.

JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT IV. SCENE III — *Camp near Sardis* BRUTUS'S Tent.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

HAT you have wronged me doth appear in
this :
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers

Cas. I an itching palm !
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus ?
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me ;
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say 'better'?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved
me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :
For I can raise no money by vile means .
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection : I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me . was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart :
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

Cas. How now ! what's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ! what do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time :
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?
Companion, hence !

Cas. Away, away, be gone ! [*Exit Poet.*]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine ! [*Exit Lucius.*]

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia !

Bru. She is dead

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so ?
O insupportable and touching loss !
Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong.—for with her death
That tidings came ;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.


W. Shakespeare

CLXXXI.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT V. SCENE I — *The plains of Philippi.*

BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas.  OW, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determinéd to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life . arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.


Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on O, that a man might know
 The end of this day's business ere it come !
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,
 And then the end is known.

W. Shakespeare.

CLXXXII

THE REFUSAL OF CHARON.*

HY look the distant mountains
 So gloomy and so drear ?
 Are rain-clouds passing o'er them,
 Or is the tempest near ?
 No shadow of the tempest
 Is there, nor wind nor rain—
 'Tis Charon that is passing by,
 With all his gloomy train.

The young men march before him,
 In all their strength and pride :
 The tender little infants,
 They totter by his side.
 The old men walk behind him,
 And earnestly they pray—
 Both young and old imploring him
 To grant some brief delay.

' O Charon ! halt we pray thee,
 By yonder little town,
 Or near that sparkling fountain,
 Where the waters wimple down !
 The old will drink and be refreshed,
 The young the disc will fling,
 And the tender little children
 Pluck flowers beside the spring.'


* According to the superstition of the modern Greeks, Charon performs the function which their ancestors assigned to Hermes, of conducting the souls of the dead to the other world.

' I will not stay my journey,
Nor halt by any town,
Near any sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down :
The mothers coming to the well
Would know the babes they bore ;
The wives would clasp their husbands,
Nor could I part them more.'

W. E. Aytoun.

CLXXXIII.

TO AUTUMN.

 EASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run :
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swathe and all its twinéd flowers ;
And sometime, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozyngs, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
 While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows,* borne aloft,
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies :
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft ;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. Keats.

CLXXXIV.

SYMBOLS OF VICTORY.



YELLOW leaves on the ash-tree,
 Soft glory in the air,
 And the streaming radiance of sunshine
 On the leaden clouds over there.

At a window a child's mouth smiling,
 Overhung with tearful eyes
 At the flying rainy landscape
 And the sudden opening skies.

Angels hanging from heaven,
 A whisper in dying ears,
 And the promise of great salvation
 Shining on mortal fears.

A dying man on his pillow
 Whose white soul, fled to his face,
 Puts on her garment of joyfulness
 And stretches to Death's embrace.

* *Salallows*, trees of the willow kind, genus *Salix*


Passion, rapture, and blindness,
Yearning, aching, and fears,
And Faith and Duty gazing
With stedfast eyes upon tears,

I see, or the glory blinds me,
Of a soul divinely fair,
Peace after great tribulation,
And Victory hung in the air.

W. C. Roscoe.

CLXXXV.

TELLING THE BEES.

ERE is the place ; right over the hill
Runs the path I took ;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall ;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun ;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'er-run,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow ;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

* It was formerly the custom, on the death of a member of any family in the rural districts of New England, to inform the bees of the event, and to dress their hives in mourning. This was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze ;
And the June sun waim
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Feinside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year ;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl * small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened : the summer sun
Had the chill of snow ;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, ' My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day :
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away.'

* *Chore*, American form of the word *chiar*, work done by the day.

But her dog whined low ; on the doorway sill,
 With his cane to his chin
 The old man sat ; and the chore-girl still
 Sang to the bees, stealing out and in.
 And the song she was singing ever since
 In my ear sounds on —
 ‘ Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence !
 Mistress Mary is dead and gone ! ’

J. G. Whittier

CLXXXVI.

LINES

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.



HEARD a thousand blended notes,
 While in a grove I sate reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths,
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
 But the least motion which they made
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What Man has made of Man !

W. Wordsworth.

CLXXXVII.

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION.



'ER wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
 And sun thee in the light of happy faces ;
 Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
 And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
 For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
 Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it,—so
 Do these upbear the little world below
 Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.
 Methinks, I see them grouped, in seemly show,
 The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
 And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
 Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
 O part them never ! If Hope prostrate lie,

Love too will sink and die.

But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
 From her own life that Hope is yet alive ;
 And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
 And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit and half supplies ;—
 Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
 Yet haply there will come a weary day,

When overtaken at length

Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
 Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
 And both supporting does the work of both.

S. T. Coleridge.

CLXXXVIII.

REST FOR THE WEARY.



O H weary in the morning,
 When soft the dew-drops fall,
 And weary at the noontide,
 When God's sun shines on all ;
 And weary at the nightfall,
 When, each day's labour o'er,
 I count my mis-spent moments
 As lost for evermore.

Oh, weary of the turmoil,
 The striving, and the care,
 And weary of the burden
 Which we of earth must bear ,
 Oh, weary of vain longings,
 And weary with vain fears,
 And wearier with heart sorrows
 Than with the weight of years.

Yet, like a ray of sunlight,
 The Word shines through the gloom
 And after Winter's darkness
 Comes Spring in fresher bloom ;
 And after vainly searching,
 We find a resting meet—
 For rest, and hope, and glory,
 Are found at Jesus' feet.

God never sends a sorrow
 Without the healing balm,
 And bids us fight no battles,
 But for the victor's palm.

Yet we, by earth's mist blinded,
 Knew not His holy will,
 Till, o'er the troubled waters,
 , His voice said, 'Peace, be still !'


We will go forth and conquer,
 Depending on His grace ;
 The lowliest station near Him
 Must be an honoured place .
 And after battle, victory ;
 And after victory, rest—
 Like the beloved Apostle,
 Upon the Master's breast !

From 'Hymns for the Household of Faith.'

CLXXXIX.

THE CORREGAN.

(A BALLAD OF BRITTANY)

HEY were affianced a youthful pair ;
 In youth, alas ! they divided were
 Lovely twins she has brought to light,
 A boy and a girl, both snowy white.

—'What shall now for thee be done,
 Who hast brought me this longed-for son ?

Shall I fetch the fowl from the sedgy mere ?
 Or strike in the greenwood the flying deer ?'

—'Wild deer's flesh would please me best,
 Yet wherefore go to the far forèst ?'

He snatched his spear, he mounted his steed ;
 He to the greenwood is gone with speed.

When he there arrived, a milk-white hind
Started before him as swift as wind.

He pursued it with foot so fleet,
On his forehead stood the heat,

And down his courser's flanks it ran ;
—Evening now to close began ;

When he espied a stream that flowed
Near the Corregan's abode.

Smoothest turf encircled its brink ;
Down from his steed he alit to drink

By its margin was seated there
The Corregan, combing her golden hair,

Combing it with a comb of gold ;
Richly clad, and bright to behold.

—‘Thou art bolder than thou dost know,
Daring to trouble my waters so.

Me shalt thou on the instant wed,
Or in three days shalt be dead.’

—‘I will not wed on the instant thee,
Nor yet in three days dead will be.

When God pleases I will die,
And already wedded am I ;

And besides I had rather died
Than to make a fairy my bride.’

—‘Sick am I, mother, at heart ; oh spread,
If thou lovest me, my death-bed,

Me the fairy has looked to death .
In three days shall I yield my breath.

Yet though my body in earth they lay,
To her I love, oh, nothing say'

—Three days after, 'O mother, tell,'
She exclaimed, 'why tolls the bell?

Why do the priests so mounfully go.
Clad in white, and chanting low?'

—'A beggar we lodged died yesternight;
They bury him with the morning light.'

—'O mother where is my husband gone?'
—'He from the town will return anon.'

—'O mother, I would to church repair;
Tell me what were meetest to wear:

Shall it be my robe of blue,
Or my vest of scarlet hue?'

—'It is now the manner to wear
Garments of black, my daughter, there.'

When she came to the churchyard ground,
Her husband's grave was the first she found.

—'Death of kin I have not heard
Yet this earth is newly stirred.'

—'My daughter, the truth I needs must show;
'Tis thy husband that lies below.'

Down she fell upon that floor;
Thence she rose not any more.

But the night next after the day,
When by his her body lay,

Two tall oaks, both stately and fair,
Marvel to see! arose in air

And upon their uppermost spray
Two white doves, delightful and gay :

At dawn of morn they sweetly sung ;
And lightly toward heaven at noon they sprung.

R. C. Trench.

CXC.

ALMS WITHOUT CHARITY.



I KNEW a soft-eyed Lady, from a noble foreign
Land .

Her voice, I thought, was lowest when we walked
out, hand in hand ;

I began to say, Heaven pleasing, I shall have her for my
Bride :

Darkened, darkened, darkened, was the whole world
when she died.

In the street a man since stopped me . in a noble foreign
tongue

He said he was a stranger, poor, and strangers all among :
I offered all I had. He gazed ; then took it, hand and all.
O, how his look accused me, while he held my hand in
thrall,

Pressing it with a gratitude which made my conscience
start ;

For that was not my meaning ; and his thanks rebuked
my heart.

C. Patmore.

CXCI.

WHERE LIES THE LAND.



HERE lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons, upon the deck's smooth face,
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ;
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from ? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

A. H. Clough.

CXCII.

SIN.



WORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round !
 Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
 Without, our shame ; within our consciences ;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

G. Herbert.

CXCIII.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.



ME, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stour
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet !
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet ²
 Wi' spreckled ³ breast,
 When upward springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble, birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted ⁴ forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
 High sheltering woods and wa's ⁵ maun shield,
 But thou beneath the random bield ⁶
 O' clod or stane
 Adorns the histie ⁷ stubble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

¹ *Stour*, dust.² *Weet*, wet³ *Spreckled*, speckled.⁴ *Glinted*, peeped, or rather glanced (glanced'st).⁵ *Wa's*, walls⁶ *Bield*, shelter.⁷ *Histie*, dry and rugged.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless-starred '
Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with woes and wants has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but heaven,
 He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date,
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom !


' R. Burns.

CXCIV.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE III — *A heath near Forres.*

Thunder Enter the three Witches

First Witch.  HERE hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Thurd Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched, and munched, and munched :—'Give me,'
quoth I .

'Aroint * thee, witch !' the rump-fed ronyon† cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger .
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay .
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid :
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine .
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

* *Aroint*, get thee gone.

† *Ronyon*, a term of contempt for a woman

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

Third Witch. A drum, a drum !
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about :
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace ! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't called to Forres ? What are these
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't ? Live you ? or are you aught
That man may question ? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips : you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can : what are you ?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis !

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of
Cawdor !

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king
hereafter !

Ban. Good sir, why do you start ; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair ? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal : to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not,
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
 Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail !

Sec. Witch. Hail !

Third Witch. Hail !

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
 none .

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :
 By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis ;
 But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman ; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting ? Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanished ?

Macb. Into the air ; and what seemed corporal
 melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed !

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about ?
 Or have we eaten on the insane root *
 That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too : went it not so ?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's
 here ?

* *Insane root* *Henbane* is called *insana* in an old book of medicine

Enter Ross and Angus

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success ; and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his . silenced with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as hail
 Came post with post , and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And poured them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
 To give thee from our royal master thanks ;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
 For it is thine.

Ban What, can the devil speak true?

Macb The thane of Cawdor lives . why do you
 dress me
 In borrowed robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet ;
 But under heavy judgment bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
 With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
 He laboured in his country's wreck, I know not ;
 But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
 Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor.
 The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus*]
 Thanks for your pains.
 [*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good · if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why
 chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour : my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are registered where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them Let us toward the king.
 Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
 The interim having weighed it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.


W. Shakespeare.

CXCV.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE V — *Inverness Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. HEY met me in the day of success; and
 I have learned by the perfectest report,
 they have more in them than mortal know-
 ledge. When I burned in desire to question them further,
 they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles
 I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the
 king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' ~~so~~ which
 title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred
 me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt
 be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest
 partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of
 rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised
 thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.
 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised. yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it,
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical* aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal.

Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
 Would have informed for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;

He brings great news. *[Exit Messenger]*

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,

* *Metaphysical*, supernatural

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue. Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for, and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.


Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

W. Shakespeare

CXCVI.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE VII — *Macbeth's Castle.**Enter MACBETH*

Macb.  F it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly : if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust ;
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now ! what news ?

Lady M. He has almost supped why have you left the chamber ?*Macb.* Hath he asked for me ?*Lady M.* Know you not he has ?*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business :
He hath honoured me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?*Macb.* Prithee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none.*Lady M.* What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
nowDoes unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,

And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail * so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck † only . when in swinish sleep
Their drenchéd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?

* * * * *

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.


W. Shakespeare.

CXCVII.

MACBETH.

ACT II SCENE I — *Court of Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb.  S this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let
me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

* *Wassail*, festivity.

† *Limbeck*, an alembic, a still.

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppresséd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon* gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

W. Shakespeare.


* *Dudgeon*, the handle of the dagger.

CXCVIII.

MACBETH.

ACT II SCENE IV — *Court of Macbeth's Castle.*

MACBETH, LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. HAT which hath made them drunk hath
made me bold ;
What hath quenched them hath given me
fire. Hark ! Peace !

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it .
The doors are open , and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugged their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who's there ? what ho !

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked.
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH

My husband !

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear
a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber !

Lady M. Donalbain.

Mach. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Mach. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
'Murder !'

That they did wake each other 'I stood and heard them :
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Mach. One cried 'God bless us !' and 'Amen' the
other ;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us !'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Mach. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen' ?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Mach. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave* of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Mach. Still it cried 'Sleep no more !' to all the house
'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy
thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
'Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?

* *Sleave*, floss silk

They must lie there : go carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry ' retire we to our chamber .
A little water clears us of this deed .

How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark !
more knocking.


Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !
W. Shakespeare.

CXCIX.

READÈN OV A HEADSTWONE.

(IN THE DORSET DIALECT)

 S I wer readèn ov a stwone,
 In Grenley church-yard, all alwone
 A little maid ran up, wi' pride
 To zee me there ; an' pushed azide
 A bunch o' bennets,* that did hide
 A verse her father, as she zaid,
 Put up above her mother's head
 To tell how much he loved her.

The verse wer short, but very good,
 I stood an' learned en as I stood,
 'Mid God, dear Meàry, gr'e me greace
 To vind, like thee, a better pleace,
 Where I, oonce mwoie, mid zee thy feàcc.
 An' bring thy children up, to know
 His word, that they mid come an' show
 Thy soul, how much I loved thee.'

'Where's father, then,' I zaid, 'my chile,'
 'Dead, too,' she answered wi' a smile :
 'An' I an' brother Jem do bide
 At Betty White's, o' tother zide
 O' road.' 'Mid He, my child,' I cried,
 'That's father to the fatherless,
 Become thy father now, an' bless
 An' keep, an' lead, an' love thee.'

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,
 Still He dont let the thoughts o't touch
 Her litsome† heart, by day or night ;
 An' zoo, if we could teake it right,

* *Bennets*, bents, bent grass


† Disposed to be gay or light.

Do show He'll meake his burdens light
To weaker souls ; an' that his smile,
Is sweet upon a little chile,
When they be dead that loved it.

W. Barnes.

CC.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

 S ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried .

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves be true.


But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

A. H. Clough.

CCI.

TIME WAS I SHRANK FROM WHAT
 WAS RIGHT.

 TIME was I shrank from what was right,
 From fear of what was wrong ;
 I would not brave the sacred fight,
 Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
 And sorer shame aside ;
 Such dread of sin was indolence,
 Such aim at heaven was pride.


So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
 And calmly do my best ;
 Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
 Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led ;
 Men count my haltings o'er ;—
 I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
 I love His precept more.

J. H. Newman.

CCII.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.


 ES ! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
 And I be undeluded, unbetrayed ;
 For if of our affections none find grace
 In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made

The world which we inhabit ? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

W. Wordsworth.

CCIII.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.


 O mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :
Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must hold ;
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes : nor will he lend
His heart to ought which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul : love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

W. Wordsworth.

CCIV.

TO THE SUPREME BEING.


(FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO)

 HE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,
 That of its native self can nothing feed :
 Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
 That quickens only where thou say'st it may :
 Unless Thou show to us thine own true way
 No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead.
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
 By which such virtue may in me be bred
 That in thy holy footsteps I may tread :
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind
 That I may have the power to sing of thee,
 And **sound** thy praises everlastingly.

W. Wordsworth.

CCV.

THE HOUSE OF CLOUDS.

OULD build a cloudy house
 For my thoughts to live in,
 When for earth too fancy-loose,
 And too low for heaven :
 Hush ! I talk my dream aloud,
 I build it bright to see,—
 I build it on the moonlit cloud
 To which I looked with thee.

Cloud-walls of the morning's gray,
Faced with amber column,
Crowned with crimson cupola
From a sunset solemn :
May-mists, for the casements, fetch,
Pale and glimmering,
With a sunbeam hid in each,
And a smell of spring.

Build the entrance high and proud,
Darkening and then brightening,
Of a riven thunder-cloud,
Veined by the lightning :
Use one with an iris-stain
For the door so thin,
Turning to a sound like rain
As I enter in.

Build a spacious hall thereby
Boldly, never fearing ;
Use the blue place of the sky
Which the wind is clearing :
Branched with corridors sublime,
Flecked with winding stairs,
Such as children wish to climb
Following their own prayers

In the mutest of the house,
I will have my chamber ;
Silence at the door shall use
Evening's light of amber,
Solemnizing every mood,
Softening in degree,
Turning sadness into good
As I turn the key.

Be my chamber tapestried
With the showers of summer,
Close, but soundless, glorified
When the sunbeams come here--
Wandering harpers; harping on
Waters stringed for such,
Drawing colour, for a tune,
With a vibrant touch.

Bring a shadow green and still
From the chestnut-forest,
Bring a purple from the hill,
When the heat is sorest ;
Spread them out from wall to wall,
Carpet-wove around,
Whereupon the foot shall fall
In light instead of sound.

Bring fantastic cloudlets home
From the noontide zenith,
Ranged for sculptures round the room,
Named as Fancy weeneth ;
Some be Junos, without eyes,
Naiads, without sources,
Some be birds of paradise,
Some, Olympian horses.

Bring the dews the birds shake off
Waking in the hedges,—
Those too, perfumed for a roof,
From the lilies' edges :
From our England's field and moor,
Bring them calm and white in,
Whence to form a mirror pure
For Love's self delighting.

Bring a gray cloud from the east
Where the lark is singing,
(Something of the song at least
Unlost in the bringing :)
That shall be a morning-chair,
Poet-dream may sit in
When it leans out on the air,
Unrhymed and unwritten.

Bring the red cloud from the sun,
While he sinketh catch it ;
That shall be a couch,—with one
Sidelong star to watch it,—
Fit for Poet's finest thought
At the curfew-sounding ;
Things unseen being nearer brought
Than the sun, around him.

Poet's thought,—not poet's sigh.
'Las, they come together !
Cloudy walls divide and fly
As in April weather.
Cupola and column proud,
Structure bright to see,
Gone ! except the moonlit cloud
To which I looked with thee.

Let them ! Wipe such visionings
From the fancy's cartel :
Love secures some fairer things,
Dowered with his immortal.
The sun may darken, heaven be bowed,
But still unchanged shall be,—
Here, in my soul,—that moonlit-cloud
To which I looked with thee.

E. B. Browning.

CCVI.

SYMBOLS.



WATCHED a rosebud very long
 Brought on by dew and sun and shower,
 Waiting to see the perfect flower :
 Then, when I thought it should be strong,
 It opened at the matin hour
 And fell at evensong.

I watched a nest from day to day,
 A green nest full of pleasant shade,
 Wherein three speckled eggs were laid
 But when they should have hatched in May,
 The two old birds had grown afraid
 Or tired, and flew away.

Then in my wrath I broke the bough
 That I had tended so with care,
 Hoping its scent should fill the air :
 I crushed the eggs, not heeding how
 Their ancient promise had been fair :
 I would have vengeance now.


But the dead branch spoke from the sod,
 And the eggs answered me again :
 Because we failed dost thou complain ?
 Is thy wrath just ? And what if God,
 Who waiteth for thy fruits in vain,
 Should also take the rod ?

C. Rossetti.

CCVII.

THE ANGELIC WORSHIP.

(FROM 'PARADISE LOST' BOOK III)


 O sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
 The multitude of Angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas filled
 The eternal regions : lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant* and gold ;
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
 To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream :
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams ;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
 Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

J. Milton.

* *Amarant*, incorruptible, a purple flower which never fades.

CCVIII.


THE NOBLE NATURE.


 T is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measure life may perfect be.

B. Jonson.

CCIX.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.


 OW happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of public fame, or private breath :

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good :


Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend ;
—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton.

CCX.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY.

ORTALITY, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones ;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust.'
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried
'Though gods they were, as men they died !'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings :
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. Beaumont.

CCXI.

TIME AND LOVE.



WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age ;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
 That Time will come and take my Love away :
 —This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

W. Shakespeare.

CCXII.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.



WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at
 hame,
 And a' the warld to rest are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride ;
 But saving a croun he had naething else beside :
 To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea ;
 And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown
awa ;

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin ;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me !

My heart it said nay ; I looked for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack,
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me ?

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak ;
But she looked in my face, till my heart was like to break.
They gi'd him my hand, but my heart was at the sea ;
Sae Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame to marry thee.'

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;
We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee.
O why do I live to say, Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be ;
For Auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

Lady Anne Lindsay.

CCXIII.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

THEY shot him on the Nine-Stane Rig,
 Beside the Headless Cross ;
 And they left him lying in his blood,
 Upon the muir and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
 The saugh* and the aspen grey ;
 And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
 And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
 And threw her robes aside,
 She tore her ling-long yellow hair,
 And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well,
 His wounds so deep and sair ;
 And she plaited a garland for his breast,
 And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily sheet,
 And bare him to his earth,
 And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
 As they passed the Chapel-Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
 When the dew fell cold and still,
 When the aspen grey forgot to play,
 And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
 By the edge of the Nine-Stane Burn,
 And they covered him o'er wi' the heather-flower,
 The moss and the lady-fern.


* *Saugh*, willow

A Gray Friar stayed upon the grave,
And sang till the morning-tide ;
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

Old Ballad.

CCXIV.

KEITH OF RAVELSTON.

 HE murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
' Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line ! '

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And through the silver meads ;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she !

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode through the Monday morn ;

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine !
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And there still sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
 She keeps the shadowy kine,
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line !

I lay my hand upon the stile,
 The stile is lone and cold,
 The burnie that goes babbling by
 Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here, from year to year.
 She keeps her shadowy kine ;
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line !

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
 Why blanch thy cheeks for fear ?
 The ancient stile is not alone.
 'Tis not the burn I hear !

She makes her immemorial moan,
 She keeps her shadowy kine ;
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line !

S. Dobell.

CCXV.

TO MILTON.


MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

'Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So did'st thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

W. Wordsworth.

CCXVI.


ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S
HOMER.

UCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold ·
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. Keats.

CCXVII.

BLEST BE THY LOVE.

LEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O thou, our souls' chief hope '
 We to Thy mercy fly ;
 Where'er we are, Thou can'st protect
 Whate'er we need, supply.


Whether we sleep or wake,
 To Thee we both resign ;
 By night we see, as well as day,
 If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
 Both we submit to Thee ;
 In death we live, as well as life,
 If Thine in death we be.

J. Austin.

CCXVIII.

THE CALL.

 WAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a numerous host ;
 Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threatening stands,
 Mustering his pale terrific bands ;
 There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led

See where rebellious passions rage,
 And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
 The meanest foe of all the train
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
 Perils and snares beset thee round ;
 Beware of all, guard every part,
 But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield,
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should His faithful followers fear?

A. L. Barbauld.

CCXIX.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.



E walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped: he looked, and said,
‘The will of God be done!’

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering gray;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

‘Our work,’ said I, ‘was well begun;
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?’

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

'Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this, which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard come, stopped short
Beside my daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale ;
And then she sang ;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

And, turning from the grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare ;
Her brow was smooth and white :
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight !

No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free ;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine ;
I looked at her, and looked again :
And did not wish her mine !'


Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

W. Wordsworth.

CCXX.

PARADISE

(FROM 'PARADISE LOST' BOOK IV.)

 On he * fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied ; and over-head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene ; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung :
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,
Appeared with gay enamelled colours mixed :

* He, Satan

On which the Sun more glad impressed his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath showered the earth ; so lovely seemed
 That landscape : and of pure, now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair : now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils As when, to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabean* odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest ; with such delay
 Well pleased, they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.


J. Milton.

CCXXI.

MACBETH.

ACT III SCENE IV —*Hall in the Palace.*

*A Banquet prepared Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS,
 LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb.  YOU know your own degrees ; sit down : at
 first
 And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
 And play the humble host.
 Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
 We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends
 For my heart speaks they are welcome.

* *Sabrea*, part of Arabia.

First Murderer appears at the door

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst :
Be laige in mirth ; anona we'll drink a measure
The table round [*Approaching the door.*] There's blood
upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within. Is he
dispatched ?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats . yet he's
good

That did the like for Fleance . if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been
perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air :
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord . safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchéd gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that :
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone : to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome : to feed were best at home ;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May't please your highness sit.
[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in
Macbeth's place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present,
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise : his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends : my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep seat ;
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well : if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion :
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff !
This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool

Macb. Prithce, see there! behold! look! lo! how
 say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady M. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
 Ere human statute purged the gentle weal; [time,

Ay, and since too, murders have been performed

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools. this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide
 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; [thee!

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit then,* protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence ! *[Ghost vanishes.]*

Why, so · being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and
Question enrages him. At once, good night : [worse ·
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night ; and better health
Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !
[Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.]

* *If trembling I inhabit then.* Possibly meaning if then I stay like a coward in the house.

Macb It will have blood ; they say, blood will have blood :

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak ;
 Augurs* and understood relations have
 By magot-pies† and choughs and rooks brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood. What is the night ?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
 At our great bidding ?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir ?

Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :
 There's not a one of them but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
 And betimes I will, to the weird sisters :
 More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
 By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
 All causes shall give way : I am in blood
 Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;
 Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-
 abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use :

We are yet but young in deed.

W. Shakespeare.


* *Augurs*, augury.

† *Magot-pies* Magpie ; a pie which feeds upon maggots.

CCXXII.

MACBETH.

ACT IV SCENE II — *Fife Macduff's Castle.**Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.*

L. Macd.  HAT had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself : but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further ;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort :

I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. • Sirrah, your father's dead :

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thoudst never fear the net nor
The pitfall nor the gin. [lime,

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not
My father is not dead, for all your saying. [set for.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead . how wilt thou do for a
father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet,
With wit enough for thee. [i' faith,

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must
be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there
are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and
hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey !
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if you

would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st !

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly ;
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world ; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm ?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces ?

First Mur. Where is your husband ?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain !

First Mur. What, you egg !
[*Stabbing him.*


Young fry of treachery !

Son. He has killed me, mother :
Run away, I pray you ! [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder !'*
Exeunt Murderers, following her.
W. Shakespeare.

CCXXIII.

MACBETH.

ACT IV. • SCENE III —*England.*MALCOLM (*Son of murdered King*), MACDUFF, ROSS.*Macd.* OW does my wife?*Ross.* Why, well.*Macd.* And all my children?*Ross.* Well too.*Macd.* The tyrant has not battered at their peace?*Ross.* No; they were well at peace when I did leave them.*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?*Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour •
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.*Mal.* Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.*Ross.* Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch* them.*Macd.* What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?* *Latch*, lay hold of.

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered . to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife killed too ?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones ?
Did you say all ? O hell-kite ! All ?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue ! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him : if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments Receive what cheer you may :
The night is long that never finds the day.


W. Shakespeare

CCXXIV

MACBETH.

ACT V SCENE I — *Dunsinane Ante-room in the Castle*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Waiting-Gentlewoman

Doct.  HAVE two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When
was it she last walked ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write
upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to
bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching !
In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other
actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard
her say ?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me : and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one ; having no witness to confirm my speech

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes ! This is her very guise ; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her ; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light ?

Gent. Why, it stood by her she has light by her continually ; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now ? Look, how she rubs her hands

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands . I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark ! she speaks : I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot ! out, I say !—One two : why, then 'tis time to do 't.—Hell is murky !—Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeared ? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that ?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife : where is she now ?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean ?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to ; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still : all the

perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh !

Doct. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown ; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady M. To bed, to bed ! there's knocking at the gate : come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone —To bed, to bed, to bed ! [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad · unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets :
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all ! Look after her ,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night :
My mind she has mated,* and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good night, good doctor.


W. Shakespeare.

* *Mated*, confounded, dismayed

CCXXV.

MACBETH.

ACT V SCENE V —*Dunsinane Within the Castle.**Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours*

Macb.  ANG out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced* with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[A cry of women within.
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. *[Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

Forced, reinforced

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger

Thou comest to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave !

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ,
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee . if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth : ' Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane : ' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out !
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell ! Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

W. Shakespeare.

MEARY ANN'S CHILD.

(IN THE DORSET DIALECT)

MEARY ANN wer alwoṇe, wi' her beaby in earms
 In her house wi' the trees over head,
 Vor her husband wer out, in the night an' the
 In his business, a-tweilen¹ vor bread. [storms,
 An' she, as the wind in the elems did roar,
 Did greivy² vor Robert, all night out o' door.

An' her kinsvo'k, an' neighbours did zay ov her chile,
 (Under the high elem tree)
 That a prettier never did babble, or smile
 Up a top ov a proud mother's knee.
 An' his mother did toss en,³ an' kiss en, an' call
 En her darlèn, an' life, an' her hope, an' her all.

But she vound, in the evenèn, the chile werden⁴ well,
 (Under the dark elem tree,)
 An' she thought she could gr'e all the worold to tell
 Vor a truth, what his ailèn mid be :
 An' she thought o' en last in her prayers at night,
 An' she looked at en last, as she put out the light.

But she vound en grow worse in the dead o' the night
 (Under the dark elem tree,)
 An' she pressed en ageän her warm bosom so tight,
 An' she rocked en so sorrowfully.
 An' there lay, a-neslèn, the poor little bwoy,
 Till his struggles grew weak, an' his cries died away.

An' the moon wer a-sheenèn down into the pleäce
 (Under the dark elem tree,)
 An' his mother could zee that his lips, an' his feäce
 Wer as white as clean axan⁵ could be.

¹ *A-tweilen*, a-toiling² *Greivy*, keep on grieving.³ *En*, objective case of *he*⁴ *Werden*, was not.⁵ *Axan*, ashes, old Saxon-English form.

An' her tongue wer a-tied, an' her still heart did zwell
Till her senses come back, wi the virst tears that vell.

Nevermware can she veel his warm feace on her breast,

(Under the green elem tree,)

Vor his eyes be a-shut, an' his hands be at rest,

An he's now vrom his pain a-set free :

Vor his soul we do know, is to heaven a-vled,

Where noo pain is a-known, an noo tears be a-shed.

W. Barnes.

CCXXVII.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.



RUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he, who lets his feelings run

In soft luxurious flow,

Shrinks when hard service must be done,

And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,

Where hearts and wills are weighed,

Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,

Which bloom their hour and fade.

J. H. Newman.

CCXXVIII.

THE FOUNT OF HONOUR.




ME to my happy hymns of praise
Not only woman's graces stir ;
Myself I never seem to raise
So much as when I honour her ;

For while my songs so various run,
 There lives before my constant mind
 An image, time-endear'd, of one
 Who is to me all womankind :
 Honoria call her : she confers
 Bright honour when she breathes my name ;
 Birth's blazoned patents, shown with her's,
 Are falsified and put to shame ;
 The fount of honour is her smile ;
 (I speak but as I feel and think)
 Yet pride consumes me not the while
 I thence, with thirst unsated, drink ;
 For as a queen, who may not find
 Her peer in all the common earth,
 Submits her meek and royal mind,
 Espousing one of subject birth,
 All barter of like gain above,
 She raised me to her noble place,
 And made my lordship of her love
 The humbling gift of her free grace.

C. Patmore.

CCXXIX.

THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT.

HE stream was smooth as glass, we said : " Arise
 and let's away ;"
 The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes
 lay ;
 And spread the sail, and strong the oar, gaily we took
 our way.
 When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we
 find the bay.

The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er cattle-dotted
 plains, [rains,
 The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy

The labourer looks up to see our shallop speed away.
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we
find the bay?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds ; the sun, superbly
large,
Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks flaming at their
marge.
The waves are bright with mirrored light as jacinths on
our way.
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we
find the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see
The spreading river's either bank, and surging distantly
There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far away.
Now shall the sandy bar be crossed, now shall we find the
bay !

The seagull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to our sight
The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering
through the night.
We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her from
her lay,
When once the sandy bar is crossed, and we are in the
bay.

What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded ghost?
What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangour on the
coast?
Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps every
oar away.
O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat, is this the
bay?

R. Garnett.

CCXXX.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING
THE BANKS OF THE WYE

(EXTRACT)

THESE beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye .
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration —feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime , that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened —that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft—

In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again .
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led . more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all —I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts

Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as on the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains ; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.


W. Wordsworth

CCXXXI.

HAMLET.

ACT III. SCENE I.

HAMLET.

Ham.  O be, or not to be : that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,


And by opposing end them? To die : to sleep ;
No more , and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.* To die, to sleep ;
To sleep · perchance to dream · ay, there's the rub ,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause . there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

W. Shakespeare.

CCXXXII.

HAMLET.

ACT III SCENE II — *A Hall in the Castle.**Enter HAMLET and Players*

Ham.  PEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it outherods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it pro-

fanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered that's villanous, and shows a most pitifui ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

W. Shakespeare.

CCXXXIII.

THE RWOSE THAT DECKED HER BREAST



DOOR Jenny wer her Robert's bride
Two happy years, an' then he died;
An' zoo the wold vo'k* meade her come
Vorseaken, to her maiden hwome.
But Jenny's merry tongue wer dumb;
An' round her comely neck she wore
A murnèn kerchif, where avore
The rwose did deck her breast.

She walked alwone wi' eye-balls wet,
To zee the flowers that she'd a-zet;
The lilies, white's her maiden frocks,
The spike† to put 'ithin her box,
Wi' columbines an' hollihocks.
The jilliflower, an' noddèn pink,
An' rwose that touched her soul to think
Ov woone‡ that decked her breast.

* *Wold vo'k*, old folk

† *Spike*, lavender.

‡ *Woone*, one.

Vor at her weddèn, just avore
 Her maiden hand had yet a-wore
 A wife's goold ring, wi' hangèn head,
 She walked along thik* flower-bed,
 Where stocks did grow a-stained wi' red,
 An' mearygoolds did skirt the walk ;
 An' gathered vrom the rrose's stalk
 A bud to deck her breast.

An' then her cheak wi' youthvul blood
 Wer bloomèn as the rrose's bud ;
 But now, as she wi' grief do pine,
 'Tis peale's† the milk-white jessamine.
 But Robert have a-left behine
 A little beaby wi' his feace
 To smile an' nestle in the pleace
 Wher the rrose did deck her breast.


W. Barnes.

CCXXXIV.

EVENING.

Abide with us : for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.

St. Luke, xxii 29.

' IS gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
 The traveller on his way must press,
 No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
 Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near :

* *Thik*, that

† '*Tis pealle's*. 'tis as pale as.

Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;--

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dew of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
 So meekly up the hill of scorn,
 Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross
 To bear as Thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.


Watch by the sick . enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take ,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

J. Keble.

CCXXXV.

TO A CHILD.

OME, my beauty, come, my bird ;
 We two will wander, and no third
 Shall mar that sweetest solitude
 Of a garden and a child,
 When the fresh elms are first in bud,
 And western winds blow mild.

Clasp that short-reaching arm about a neck
 Stript of a deeper love's more close embrace,
 And with the softness of thy baby-cheek
 Press roses on a care-distainéd face.

What? set thee down, because the air
Ruffles too boldly thy brown hair?
Walk then, and as thy tiny boot
Presses the greenness of the sod,
Teach me to see that tottering foot
Uplifted and set down by God,

Teach me a stronger, tenderer hand than mine
Sways every motion of thy infant frame,
Bid me take hold, like thee, and not repine,—
Weak with my errors and deserved shame.

How? home again? ah, that soft laughter
Tells me what voice thou hankerest after.
Run, run, with that bright shining face,
And little hands stretched forth apart,
Into a mother's fond embrace,
Close, closer to her heart.

I too will turn, for I discern a voice
Which whispers me that I am far from home;
Bids me repent, and led by holier choice
Back to a Father's open bosom come.


W. C. Roscoe.

CCXXXVI.

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I SCENE III—*London The Palace.*

KING, HOTSPUR, and others

Hot. Y liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reaped
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfuméd like a milliner;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again ;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff¹ ; and still he smiled and talked,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me ; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark !—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said ;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.


W. Shakespeare.

* *Snuff.* Aromatic powders were used as snuff before the introduction of tobacco.—'To take in snuff' also means to take offence

CCXXXVII.

KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE III — *Warkworth Castle**Enter HOTSPUR reading a letter*

Hot  UT, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented : why is he not, then ? In respect of the love he bears our house : he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous ;'—why, that's certain : 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted , and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ! I protest, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself ? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower ? Is there not besides the Douglas ? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already ? What a pagan rascal is this ! an infidel ! Ha ! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my-

self and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king! we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.


W. Shakespeare.

CCXXXVIII.

KING HENRY IV—SECOND PART.

ACT II SCENE III—*Warkworth. Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North.  PRAY thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs

Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will. your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it

Lady P. O yet, for Heaven's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeared to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him · so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him, O wondrous him !
O miracle of men ! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage , to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible . so you left him
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him ! let them alone :
The marshal and the archbishop are strong .
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

North.

Beshrew your heart,

Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.

Lady N.

O, fly to Scotland,

Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son ·
He was so suffered : so came I a widow ;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,


That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me 'Tis with my
As with the tide swelled up unto his height, [mind
That makes a still-stand, running neither way :
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland : there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

W. Shakespeare.

CCXXXIX.

TO NIGHT.

WIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou movest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,
 No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon !

P. B. Shelley.

CCXL.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.




At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
 I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm
 in thine eye ;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of
 air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me
 there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to
 hear !
When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on the
 ear ;

And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison
 rolls,
 I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom
 of Souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.
T. Moore.

CCXLI.

THE MARKET-WIFE'S SONG.

 HE butter an' the cheese weel stowit they be,
 I sit on the hen-coop the eggs on my knee,
 The lang kail¹ jigs as we jog owre the rigs,
 The gray mare's tail it wags wr' the kail,
 The warm simmer sky is blue aboon a',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

I sit on the coop, I look straight before,
 But my heart it is awa' the braid ocean owre,
 I see the bluidy fiel' where my ain bonny chiel'
 My wee bairn o' a' 'gaed to fight or to fa',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

I see the gran' toun o' the big forrin' loon,
 I hear the cannon soun', I see the reek² aboon ;
 It may be lang John lettin' off his gun,
 It may be the mist—your mither disna wist—
 It may be the kirk, it may be the ha',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

An' I ken the Black Sea, ayont the rock o' dool,³
 Like a muckle blot o' ink in a buik fra' the schule,
 An' Jock ! it gars me min' o' your buikies lang syne,
 An' mindin' o' it a' the tears begin to fa',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

¹ *Kail*, greens ² *Reek*, smoke ³ *Dool*, sorrow, *rock o' dool*—Sebastopol.

Then a bull roars fra' the scaur,¹ ilka rock's a bull agen,
An' I hear the trump o' war, an' the carse² is fu' o' men,
Up an' doun the morn I ken the bugle horn,
Ilka birdie sma' is a fleein' cannon ba',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

Guid Heavens ! the Russian host ! We maun e'en gie up
for lost !

Gin ye gain the battle hae ye countit a' the cost ?
Ye may win a gran' name, but wad wee Jock come hame ?
Dinna fecht, dinna fecht ! there's room for us a',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

In vain, in vain, in vain ! They are marchin' near an' far !
Wi' swords an' wi' slings an' wi' instruments o' war !
Oh, day sae dark an' sair ! ilka man seven feet an' mair !
I bow my head an' say, ' Gin the Lord wad smite them a' !'
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

Then forth fra' their ban' there steps an armed man,
His tairge³ at his breast an' his claymore in his han',
His gowd pow⁴ glitters fine, an' his shadow fa's behin',
I think o' great Goliath as he stan's befoie them a',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

To meet the Philistine leaps a laddie fra' our line,
Oh, my heart ! oh, my heart ! 'tis that wee lad o' mine !
I start to my legs—an' doun fa' the eggs—
The cocks an' hens a' they cackle an' they ca',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

Oh, Jock, my Hielan' lad—oh, Jock, my Hielan' lad,
Never till I saw thee that moment was I glad !
Aye sooner sud⁵ thou dee before thy mither's ee'
Than a man o' the clan sud hae stept out but thee !

¹ *Scaur*, bare, steep hill-side

² *Carse*, low land near a river

³ *Tairge*, target—shield

⁴ *Pow*, literally, poll, for head—meaning here, helmet. ⁵ *Sud*, should.

An' sae I cry to God—while the hens cackle a',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.
S. Dobell.

CCXLII. *

WOAK¹ HILL.

(IN THE DORSET DIALECT)



HEN sycamore leaves wer a-spreadèn
 Green-ruddy in hedges,
 Beside the red dowst o' the ridges,
 A-dried at Woak Hill;

I packed up my traps, all a-sheenèn
 Wr' long years o' handlèn,
 On dowsty red wheels ov a waggon,
 To ride to Woak Hill.

The brown thatchen rwof o' the dwellèn,
 I then wer a-leavèn,
 Vu'st² sheltered the sleek head o' Meary,
 My bride at Woak Hill.

But now o' leäte years, her light voot-vall
 'S a-lost vrom the vlooren.³
 Too soon vor my jay an' my childern,
 She died at Woak Hill.

But still I do think that, in soul,
 She do hover about us;
 To ho⁴ vor her motherless childern,
 Her pride at Woak Hill.

Zoo⁵—lest she should tell me hereafter
 I stole off 'ithout her,

¹ *Woak*, oak.² *Vu'st*, first³ *Vlooren*, floor⁴ *Ho*. Anglo-Saxon Hoggian, to be careful or anxious⁵ *Zoo*, so

An' left her, uncalled at house-riddèn,
To bide¹ at Woak Hill—

I call'd her so fondly, wi' lippèns
All soundless to others,
An' took her wi' air-reachèn hand,
To my zide at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talkèn
To light at my shoulder,
An' then led her in at the door,
Open wide at Creech Mill.


An' that's why vo'k² thought, vor a season,
My mind wer a-wandrèn
Wi' sorrow, when I wer so sorely
A-tried at Woak Hill.

But no ; that my Meary mid never
Behold herself slighted,
I wanted to think that I guided
My guide vrom Woak Hill.

W. Barnes.

CCXLIII

STANZAS.

 N a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them ;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

¹ *Bide*, stay.

² *Vo'k*, folk

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy Brook,
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look,
 But with a sweet forgetting,
 They stay their crystal fretting,
 Never, never petting
 About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy !
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passéd joy ?
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it,
 Nor numbéd sense to steal it,
 Was never said in rhyme


J. Keats.

CCXLIV

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT V. SCENE III—*A Chapel in Paulina's house*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA,
 Lords, and Attendants

Leon.  GRAVE and good Paulina, the great
 comfort
 That I have had of thee !

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
 I did not well I meant well. All my services
 You have paid home : but that you have vouchsafed,
 With your crowned brother and these your contracted
 Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
 It is a surplus of your grace, which never
 My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
 We honour you with trouble . but we came

To see the statue of our queen : your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities ; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is . prepare
To see the life as lively mocked as ever
Still sleep mocked death : behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers
Hermione standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder : but yet speak ; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture !
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione ; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I wooed her !
I am ashamed : does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it ? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance and

From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience !
The statue is but newly fixed, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow
But killed itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine—
I'd not have showed it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mocked with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain :
My lord's almost so far transported that

He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together !
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you : but
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her . what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear .
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand but then you'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on . what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still ;
On : those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed :
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her ; strike ! [*Music,*
 'Tis time , descend ; be stone no more ; approach ;
 Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
 I'll fill your grave up : stir, nay, come away,
 Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
 Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs :

[*Hermione comes down.*

Start not ; her actions shall be holy as
 You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her
 Until you see her die again ; for then
 You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :
 When she was young you wooed her ; now in age
 Is she become the suitor ?

Leon. O, she's warm !
 If this be magic, let it be an art
 Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck :
 If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
 Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
 Were it but told you, should be hooted at
 Like an old tale : but it appears she lives,
 Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
 Please you to interpose, fair madam : kneel
 And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady ;
 Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down
 And from your sacred vials pour your graces
 Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,
 Where hast thou been preserved ? where lived ? how
 Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear that I, [found
 Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
 Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
 Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ,

Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
 Your joys with like relation. Go together,
 You precious winners all ; your exultation
 Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
 Will wing me to some withered bough and there
 My mate, that's never to be found again,
 Lament till I am lost.

W. Shakespeare.

CCXLV.

ELLEN BRINE OF ALLENBURN.

(IN THE DORSET DIALECT.)



OO soul did hear her lips complain,
 An' she's a-gone vrom all her pain,
 An' others' loss to her is gain
 For she do live in heaven's love ;
 Vull many a longsomeday an' week
 She bore her aillèn, still, an' meek ;
 A-workèn while her strangth held on,
 An' guidèn housework, when 'twere gone.
 Vor Ellen Brine of Allenburn
 Oh ! there be souls to murn *

The last time I'd a-cast my zight
 Upon her feâce, a-feaded white,
 Wer in a zummer's mornèn light
 In hall avore the smwold'rèn vire,
 The while the childern beat the vloor
 In play, wi' tiny shoes they wore,
 An' called their mother's eyes to view
 The feäts their little limbs could do.
 Oh ! Ellen Brine of Allenburn,
 They childern now mus' murn.

* *Murn*, mourn

Then woone,* a-stoppèn vrom his reace,
 Went up, an' on her knee did pleâce
 His hand, a-lookèn in her feace,
 An' wi' a smilèn mouth so small,
 He zaid, 'You promised us to goo
 To Shroton fear, an' teake us two !'
 She heàrd it wi' her two white ears,
 An' in her eyes there sprung two tears
 Vor Ellen Brine of Allenburn
 Did veel that they mus' murn.

September come, wi' Shroton feäir,
 But Ellen Brine wer never there !
 A heavy heart wer on the meare†
 Their father rode his hwomeward road.
 'Tis true he brought zome feàrèns back,
 Vor them two childern all in black ;
 But they had now, wi' playthings new,
 Noo mother vor to show 'em to,
 Vor Ellen Brine of Allenburn
 Would never mwore return.

W. Barnes.

CCXLVI.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING.



T is the Christmas time,
 And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
 In glorious grief and solemn mirth
 The shining angels climb.

And unto everything
 That lives and moves, for heaven, on earth,
 With equal share of grief and mirth,—
 The shining angels sing.—

* *Woone*, one

† *Medre*, mare

‘Babes new-born, undefiled,
In lowly hut, or mansion wide—
Sleep safely through this Christmas-tide
When Jesus was a child

‘O young men, bold and free,
In peopled town, or desert grim,
When ye are tempted like to Him
‘The man Christ Jesus’ see.

‘Poor mothers, with your hoard
Of endless love and countless pain—
Remember all her grief, her gain,
The Mother of the Lord.

‘Mourners, half blind with woe,
Look up ! One standeth in this place ;
And by the pity of His face
The Man of Sorrows know.

‘Wanderers in far countrie,
O think of Him who came, forgot,
To His own, and they received Him not—
Jesus of Galilee.

‘O all ye who have trod
The wine-press of affliction, lay
Your hearts before His heart this day—
Behold the Christ of God !’

Anon.

CCXLVII.

LIFE.



IFE ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
 —Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time ;
 Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good Morning.

A L. Barbould.

CCXLVIII.

THE BARD.



UIN seize thee, ruthless King¹ !
 Confusion on thy banners wait ;
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state !
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !'
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout *Gloster*² stood aghast in speechless trance,
 To arms ! cried *Mortimer*,³ and couched his quiv'ring
 lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;

¹ *Ruthless King*, Edward I, who is said, after conquering Wales, to have put the native poets to death.

² *Gloucester*, son-in-law to Edward

³ *Mortimer*, one of the Lords Marchers of Wales.

(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air ;)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

‘Hark how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe,
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

‘Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred,¹ whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's² shore they lie ;
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale ;
Far, far aloof, the affrighted ravens sail ;
The famished eagle screams and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep,
On yonder cliffs, a griesly³ band,
I see them sit ; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

‘Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's⁴ race ;

¹ *Hoel, Llewellyn, Cadwallo, Urien, Modred*, Welsh Bards.

² *Arvon*, the shores of Carnarvonshire, opposite Anglesea.

³ *Griesly*, grisly, terrible

⁴ *Edward*, Edward II.

Give ample room, and verge enough,
 The characters of hell to trace ;
 Mark the year and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roof that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonising King !

She-wolf of France,¹ with unrelenting fangs
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven.² What terrors round him wait !
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 No pitying heart, no eye afford
 A tear to grace his obseques !
 Is the sable warrior³ fled ?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
 —Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
 In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure⁴ at the helm .
 Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl
 The rich repast prepare.
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast.—
 Close by the regal chair,
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

¹ *She-wolf of France*, Isabel, Queen of Edward II

² *Scourge of Heaven*, Edward III

³ *Sable warrior*, the Black Prince

⁴ Reign of Richard II.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 Long years of havoc¹ urge their destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way,
 Ye towers of Julius,² London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's³ holy head
 Above, below, the rose of snow
 Twined with her blushing foe we spread :
 The bristled boar,⁴ in infant gore,⁵
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, Brothers, bending o'er the accurséd loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

'Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
 Half of thy heart⁶ we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)—
 Stay, O stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest, unpitied here to mourn .
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But O ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll !
 Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur⁷ we bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine Kings⁸ ! Britannia's issue hail !

¹ *Long years of havoc*, wars of York and Lancaster

² *Towers of Julius* According to tradition, the Tower of London was built in part by Julius Cæsar

³ *Meek usurper*, Henry VI.

⁴ *Bristled boar*, badge of Richard III.

⁵ *Infant gore*, Edward V and his brother.

⁶ *Half of thy heart*, Queen Elinor died soon after the conquest of Wales.

⁷ *Arthur*, Henry VII named his eldest son Arthur, 'in deference to British feelings and legends'

⁸ *Genuine Kings*, the Tudors.

' Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty appear.
 In the midst a form divine¹ !
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
 What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

' The verse adorn again
 Fierce War and faithful Love,
 And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest :
 In buskin'd measures move,
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.²
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear,³
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond, impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray,
 Enough for me : with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign.
 Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care :
 To triumph and to die, are mine.'
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

T. Gray.

¹ *A form divine*, Queen Elizabeth


² Poetry of Shakespeare.

³ Poetry of Milton.

CCXLIX.

KING HENRY IV. SECOND PART.

ACT III. SCENE I.—*Westminster The Palace**Enter the KING.*

King. OW many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O
gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.


W. Shakespeare.

CCL.

KING HENRY IV. SECOND PART.

ACT IV SCENE IV — *Westminster.*

The KING lying on a bed, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others, in attendance

King.  WHY did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother
here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? Where is he? let me
see him :

He is not here.

War. This door is open ; he is gone this way.

Glow. He came not through the chamber where we
stayed.

King. Where is the crown ? who took it from my
pillow ?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence : go, seek him
out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death ?

Find him, my lord of Warwick ; chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.

* * * * *

Enter PRINCE HENRY

Come hither to me, Harry.

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Gloucester and the rest.]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop. my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast sealed up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour? •
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crowned: up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curbed license plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed !
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it : ' The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold :
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable ;
But thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father,

The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it !
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crooked ways
I met this crown ; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seemed in me
But as an honour snatched with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered ;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument : and now my death
Changes the mode ; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanced
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displaced · which to avoid,
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

Prince. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain and right must my possession be :
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

W. Shakespeare.

CCLI.

TWILIGHT CALM.



H, pleasant eventide !
 Clouds on the western side
 Grow grey and greyer hiding the warm sun :
 The bees and birds, their happy labours done,
 Seek their close nests and bide.

Screened in the leafy wood
 The stock-doves sit and brood :
 The very squirrel leaps from bough to bough
 But lazily ; pauses ; and settles now
 Where once he stored his food.

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon .
The grasshoppers are still ; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.

The dormouse squats and eats
Choice little dainty bits
Beneath the spreading roots of a broad lime ;
Nibbling his fill he stops from time to time
And listens where he sits.

From far the lowings come
Of cattle driven home .
From farther still the wind brings fitfully
The vast continual murmur of the sea,
- Now loud, now almost dumb.

The gnats whirl in the air,
The evening gnats ; and there
The owl opes broad his eyes and wings to sail
For prey ; the bat wakes ; and the shell-less snail
Comes forth clammy and bare.

Hark ! that's the nightingale,
Telling the selfsame tale
Her song told when this ancient earth was young :
So echoes answered when her song was sung
In the first wooded vale.

We call it love and pain
The passion of her strain ;
And yet we little understand or know :
Why should it not be rather joy that so
Throbs in each throbbing vein ?

In separate herds the deer
Lie ; here the bucks, and here

The does, and by its mother sleeps the fawn :
 Through all the hours of night until the dawn
 They sleep, forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies
 With wary half-closed eyes ;
 The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck :
 Only the fox is out, some heedless duck
 Or chicken to surprise.


Remote, each single star
 Comes out, till there they are
 All shining brightly : how the dews fall damp !
 While close at hand the glowworm lights her lamp
 Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done
 As much as if the sun
 Day-giving had arisen in the East :
 For night has come ; and the great calm has ceased,
 The quiet sands have run.

C. Rossetti.

CCLII.

THE FOUNTAIN.

E talked with open heart, and tongue
 Affectionate and true,
 A pair of friends, though I was young,
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
 Beside a mossy seat ;
 And from the turf a fountain broke,
 And gurgled at our feet.

‘Now, Matthew!’ said I, ‘let us match
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch,
That suits a summer’s noon;

Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade.
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!’

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee:

‘No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
’Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows!

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain’s brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

But we are pressed by heavy laws ;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own ;
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but, by none
Am I enough beloved.'

'Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains,

And Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee !'
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
'Alas ! that cannot be.'

We rose up from the fountain-side ;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;
And through the wood we went.


And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

W. Wordsworth.

CCLIII.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II *Ante-chamber to the King's apartment**WOLSEY, and the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK*

Suf  ORD cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of
late,

By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire,
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man . to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth . my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye .
 I feel my heart new opened O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have .
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell !

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
 I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
 These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use
 of it.

Wol. I hope I have . I am able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries and greater far
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down. O
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too, good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,

Must I, then, leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes. and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels, how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

W. Shakespeare.

CCLIV.

THE RETREAT.



HAPPY those early days, when I
 Shined in my Angel-infancy !
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white, celestial thought ;
 When yet I had not walked above
 A mile or two from my first Love,
 And looking back, at that short space
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face ;
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity ;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track !
 That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train ;
 From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
 That shady City of Palm trees !
 But ah ! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way :—
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move ;
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.


H. Vaughan.

CCLV.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY
CHILDHOOD

I.

 HERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore :—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare :
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth,
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong :

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains strong,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy !

iv

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm .—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

vi

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

vii.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity ,
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by ;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's bright,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX.

Oh joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast.
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

x.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind :
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

xi

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might :
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet ;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.


W. Wordsworth.

CCLVI.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.—*The Island Before Prospero's cell.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir.  F by your art, my dearest father, you have
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
 pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's¹ cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
 With those that I saw suffer a brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
 Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallowed and
 The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected :

No more amazement : tell your piteous heart
 There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day !

Pros. No harm

I have done nothing but in care of thee,

¹ *Welkin*, the vault of heaven Saxon, wolc, wolcen, German, wolke,
 a cloud

Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So :

[Lays down his mantle.

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes ; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have, with such provision in mine art,
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as a hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

* * * * *

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions
Thou art inclined to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way : I know thou canst not choose.

[*Miranda sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come

Enter ARIEL

Ari. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the cuiled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement : sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursor
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not, the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit !
Who was so firm, so constant, that, this coil
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leaped ; cried, ' Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that's my spirit !
But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

Ari. Not a hair perished ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before . and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself ;

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid ;
The mariners all under hatches stowed ;
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep · and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed : but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day ?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and
now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

Pros. How now ? moody ?
What is't thou canst demand ?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out ? no more !

Ari. I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service ;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings : thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

* * * * *

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master ;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master !
What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea : be
subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't : go, hence with diligence !

W. Shakespeare.

CCLVII.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ; FERDINAND following

ARIEL'S song.



OME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,

Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen [dispersedly] Hark, hark !
 Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark .
 Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be ? i' the air or the
 earth ?

It sounds no more : and, sure, it waits upon
 Some god o' the island Sitting on a bank,
 Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
 This music crept by me upon the waters,
 Allaying both their fury and my passion
 With its sweet air : thence I have followed it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
 No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Burthen. Ding dong.

Ari. Hark ! now I hear them, —Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drowned father.
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

W. Shakespeare.

CCLVIII.

LYCIDAS.

(A MONODY.)



ET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude ;
 And, with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due :
 For Lycidas¹ is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters² of the sacred well³
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string ;
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn ;
 And, as she passes, turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

¹ *Lycidas*, Edward King, Milton's college friend, who was drowned in 1637 whilst crossing from Chester to Ireland.

² *Sisters*, the Muses

³ *Sacred well*, the fountain of Helicon on Mount Parnassus, which the Muses were said to frequent.

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft, till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten¹ flute ;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damocetas² loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee, the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn :
The willows and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays :—
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep³
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona⁴ high,

¹ *Oaten*, see p. 13

² *Damocetas*, a name used for a shepherd

³ *The steep*, the mountains of Denbighshire.

⁴ *Mona*, Anglesea, called by the Welsh, *Imo Dowl*, or the Dark Island, from its dense forests.

Nor yet where Deva¹ spreads her wizard stream :
 Ay me ! I fondly dream—
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse² herself that Orpheus³ bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal Nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus⁴ to the Lesbian shore.

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's⁵ hair.
 Famê is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury⁶ with the abhorréd shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. ' But not the praise,'
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;
 ' Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies ;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

¹ *Deva*, the Dee, 'a river which probably derived its magical character from Celtic traditions.'

² *The Muse*, Calliope

³ *Orpheus*, torn to pieces by the Bacchanalians

⁴ *Hebrus*, a river in Thrace.

⁵ *Amaryllis* and *Neæra*, 'names used here for the love-idols of poets.'

⁶ *The blind Fury*, Atropos, who was said to cut the thread of life.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
 Smooth sliding Mincius,¹ crowned with vocal reeds !
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my oat² proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea ;
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beakéd promontory
 They knew not of his story ;
 And sage Hippotadés³ their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panopé⁴ with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus,⁵ reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower⁶ inscribed with woe.
 'Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?'
 Last came, and last did go
 The pilot⁷ of the Galilean lake ;

¹ *Arethuse* and *Mincius*, ' Sicilian and Italian waters here alluded to as synonymous with the pastoral poetry of Theocritus and Virgil '

² *Oat*, pipe or musical instrument, used here for *song*. See '*oaten stop*,' p 13.

³ *Hippotades*, Æolus, the son of Hippotas, god of the winds.

⁴ *Panope* 'represents the boundlessness of the ocean-horizon when seen from a height, as compared with the limited horizon of the land in hilly countries, such as Greece or Asia Minor '

⁵ *Camus*, the Cam, put for the University of Cambridge King was a fellow of Christ's College

⁶ *Sanguine flower*, the hyacinth of the ancients.

⁷ *The pilot*, St Peter, ' figuratively introduced as the head of the Church on earth, to foretell " the ruin of our corrupted clergy then in their heighth," under Laud '

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake ·
 ‘How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such, as for their bellies’ sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdman’s art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ,
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
 Besides what the grim wolf¹ with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;
 —But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.’

Return, Alpheus,² the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star³ sparsely looks ;
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

¹ *The grim wolf*, Popery.

² *Alpheus*, a stream in southern Greece, supposed to flow under the sea to join the Arethuse. See Shelley’s ‘Arethusa,’ p. 275.

³ *Swart-star*, the dog-star

Bring the rathe¹ primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet
 The musk-rose, and, the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hung the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears
 Bid amaranthus² all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
 For, so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise ;
 Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
 Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world ; *
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows³ denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus⁴ old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount⁵
 —Looks towards Namancos⁶ and Bayona's⁷ hold ;
 —Look homeward, Angel,⁸ now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful Shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,

¹ *Rathe*, early, positive form of rather

² *Amaranthus*, a flower that never fades, see p. 345, 'Immortal amarant.'

³ *Moust vows*, 'tearful prayers, or prayers for one at sea.'

⁴ *Bellerus*, a giant, a personification of Bellerum, the ancient title of the Land's End

⁵ *The great Vision of the guarded Mount*. The archangel Michael is said to have appeared on the top of the 'guarded Mount,' Mount St. Michael, not far from the Land's End in Cornwall, and to have directed a church to be built there

⁶ *Namancos*, 'now Mijio in Galicia.'

⁷ *Bayona*, 'north of the Minho, or perhaps a fortified rock at the entrance of Vigo Bay.'

⁸ *Angel*, St. Michael

Sunk though he be beneath the watery flow,¹
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore²
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves ;
 Where, other groves, and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ,
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in the perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and hills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :²
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay :
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

J. Milton

¹ *New spangled ore*, 'rays of golden light'

² *Doric lay*, Sicilian, pastoral

CCLIX.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.



WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought.
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn :
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,*
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives .
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;
 More skilful in self knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more ; more able to endure,
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 —'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,

He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state :
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw :
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted, high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—

Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won .
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stands fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
This is the happy Warrior ; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

W. Wordsworth

CCLX.

RING OUT WILD BELLS.



ING out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go :
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A. Tennyson.

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THE END.